THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1891.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

MR. GOSCHEN'S Budget, which was simplicity itself in form, though explained in a speech chiefly remarkable for its length and the confusedness of its style, contained one great surprise. Showing a surplus for the year of £1,980,000, the Chancellor of the Exchequer boldly proclaimed the resolve of the Government to use this balance in order to establish free education. A Bill will be brought into Parliament so soon as the Irish Land Bill has been disposed of, for the purpose of freeing the schools from the 1st of September next. A genuine scheme for free education which is not to be an endowment of sectarian schools under another name will meet with the warm approval of all Liberals. It remains to be seen how such a measure will be regarded by the Tory party. Some members of that party, at all events, have not yet been educated up to the point of supporting a proposal which they have hitherto anathematised, and the *Standard* yesterday protested vigorously against the action of the Government. In a few days we shall see what the general attitude of the Tory party is. Upon one point we are not left in doubt. The present is clearly a "dissolution Budget." MR. GOSCHEN has striven to avoid the blundering of last year, and has confined himself to a proposal which will certainly find favour in the eyes of the rural electors. Before the close of the year the great appeal to the country will be made.

TWO out of the six elections which were pending a week ago have been decided since we last wrote. The City of London—which, under a system of absentee voters, is now, in despite of its old traditions, hopelessly Tory in politics—has returned MR. HUCKS GIBB as its representative. The new member is orthodox in his Conservatism, but heterodox in his views upon finance. In Mid-Oxfordshire, where from the first there were but faint hopes that the Liberal candidate would succeed—the vacancy, it will be remembered, was caused not by death, but by the exercise of patronage by the Government—a Tory brewer has been returned by a majority of nearly 700. At Whitehaven the polling took place yesterday, and, considering the character of that little constituency and the length of time during which it has been under Tory domination, it will scarcely be surprising if there also the Liberal is unsuccessful. Happily, the prospects are brighter in the case of the other constituencies where vacancies have now to be filled, and there is good reason to hope that the final result of the "General Election in miniature" will be a further diminution in the majority of the Government.

TWO serious questions affecting our foreign and colonial relations have arisen during the week. The attack by the Portuguese authorities on the Pungwé River on an English expedition under SIR JOHN WILLOUGHBY has caused great excitement not only in Lisbon and at the Cape, but even in political circles in England. Happily the Portuguese Government seem to be acting in a conciliatory manner, and there is no reason to fear that any grave complications will spring from the incident. The despatch of three English war-vessels to the mouth of the Pungwé is, however, one of those steps which have so often led us into the little wars that are the curse of our Empire. On Thursday the House of Lords witnessed one of those incidents to which historic importance attaches—the appearance at the bar of the House of SIR WILLIAM WHITEWAY, the Premier of Newfoundland, for the purpose of delivering the protest of the colony against the Newfoundland Fisheries Bill.

WE have had during the week the usual Primrose Day celebrations, but these have been robbed to some extent of their effectiveness by the fact that this year the 19th of April fell upon a Sunday. Still it is not to be denied that evidence has again been furnished of the extent to which the DISRAELI myth has laid hold upon the imaginations of a section of the English people. In London the official celebration took place on Tuesday, when LORD SALISBURY addressed a large gathering in the Royal Opera House, his speech being chiefly occupied with the Irish question. In Edinburgh the celebration took place last Saturday, and a speech made on that occasion by MR. JAMES LOWTHER was noticeable, inasmuch as it afforded fresh evidence of the truth of MR. GLADSTONE'S statement that the Tory party generally had sided with MR. PARNELL in the recent split among the Irish members. MR. LOWTHER expressed himself as being "extremely glad to see MR. PARNELL holding his own," and generally paid a tribute to him, which sufficiently indicated his strong preference for the member for Cork over those who have deposed him from the leadership.

IT is amusing to see that MR. BALFOUR still clings to his quaint habit of addressing a mysterious, shadowy correspondent (can it be MR. WILFRID MURRAY?) whenever he finds himself in a difficulty. Equally curious is it that he should still stick to the time-worn plan of "having his attention drawn" to any expression of opinion regarding his own policy, even when that expression comes from MR. GLADSTONE. MR. BALFOUR should be above these stale tricks of third-rate politicians; that he is not shows that he has not yet attained the dignity of the statesman. His latest letter to the unknown is an attempt to reply to MR. GLADSTONE'S letter to MR. BENSON before the Mid-Oxford election. It traverses—very unsuccessfully—some of MR. GLADSTONE'S statements, but fails to make any reference to the pledges by means of which the present majority in the House of Commons secured their seats, and the entire shamelessness with which those pledges have been broken. We are not surprised at this fact. The people who by misrepresenting MR. GLADSTONE'S land purchase scheme rode into office in 1886, can hardly care to be reminded of the opinions they professed at that time, now that they are themselves trying to carry an infinitely more objectionable measure of land purchase.

CAPTAIN VERNEY, one of the two Members of Parliament against whom serious charges have been made, and for whose apprehension warrants have been issued, voluntarily returned to this country at the close of last week and surrendered himself to the police. We cannot, of course, enter into the question of his guilt or innocence. The charge against him is, however, a very grave one, and the course of the proceedings in which he is involved will be watched

by his friends and political associates with great anxiety. MR. DE COBAIN, one of the members for Belfast, who is the other member charged with heinous crime, has not only failed to surrender, but, whilst protesting his innocence, has declared that he does not feel able to face his accusers. Several questions regarding him have been asked in the House during the week, and it is generally understood that in the event of his continuing to evade a judicial inquiry into his conduct, the leader of the House will move his expulsion. It was in reply to one of the questions asked in Parliament on this subject that MR. BALFOUR made the unfortunate remark that he "had nothing whatever to do with the matter and took no interest in it." This curious display of cynical indifference on such a subject, though characteristic of the Irish Secretary, was, in the circumstances, peculiarly unhappy.

THE remarkable trial in which MR. HURLBERT, a well-known American journalist, resident in London, was the defendant, terminated on Monday in a verdict in MR. HURLBERT'S favour, so far as the alleged promise on his part to marry the plaintiff was concerned. There was, however, a still more serious question involved, that of MR. HURLBERT'S identity with the person who, under the name of WILFRID MURRAY, had addressed to the plaintiff a long series of letters of the vilest description. On this point the jury made no pronouncement, and we are, therefore, left without any decisive opinion as to the side on which perjury has been committed, for that perjury of a very daring and deliberate character has been committed on one side or the other is certain. We have dealt elsewhere with one feature of this remarkable case, its bearing upon the theory of chances. There is only one other point connected with it to which we need draw attention. MR. HURLBERT has been hailed by the Ministerial press as one of the most powerful champions of Government by Coercion in Ireland. In his evidence the other day, he declared that, in preparing his book upon the present state of things in Ireland, he had been assisted by WILFRID MURRAY, who had procured for him the facts upon which the book is based. Now, according to MR. HURLBERT'S own statement, this WILFRID MURRAY is a person of the worst character. The conclusion to which his Unionist friends are reduced by this statement on MR. HURLBERT'S part is certainly not an enviable one. For the future they will hardly appeal to this gentleman as an authority on the Irish Question.

WE have no wish to damp the ardour of the public gratitude to the gentleman who has so liberally offered to provide at his own expense a new Art Gallery at South Kensington. MR. ~~PAIT~~ deserves, and will undoubtedly receive, the thanks of the community at large. But it is to be regretted that in accepting his benefaction the Chancellor of the Exchequer should have shown so singular an indifference to the interests of the Science Department of the great national institution at South Kensington. For some reason of his own, the munificent donor of the gallery desired that a particular site should be chosen for it, and to this request MR. GOSCHEN appears to have acceded, although he is perfectly well aware that by doing so he must inflict a very serious blow upon the interests of the science schools and museums. So little is done for science in this country by the Government, that we might well have expected that MR. GOSCHEN would not have consented to cripple the development of an institution, the usefulness of which to the nation as a whole is so great, even for the purpose of gratifying the desires of MR. PAIT. But the scientific people are apparently, in the eyes of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, a feeble folk, and their just claims are habitually ignored by an Administration which cannot look to them for active support in political affairs.

IT seems only too clear that the Russian influenza, from which London suffered so severely at the beginning of last year, has again made its appearance in this country. This second epidemic seems to have commenced at Hull. In that town, in York, Leeds, Sheffield, and other places in the East and West Ridings, it now prevails with a violence hardly less than that which characterised it in London fifteen months ago, and there is too much reason to fear that it will spread still further.

THE Directors of the Bank of England made no change in their rate of discount this week; they have, however, been borrowing upon stocks in order to get control of the market, and they have succeeded, therefore, in raising rates very materially in the outside market—so much so indeed that they have done a very considerable business themselves. For the moment the shipments of gold have been stopped, but they may begin again at any time. There is little prospect of attracting the metal from the Continent or from the United States, and not enough will come from Australia to strengthen the Bank sufficiently. On the other hand, there is danger that by-and-by large amounts will be taken from the Bank for South America, South Africa, the United States, and possibly the Continent. Just now the internal coin circulation is expanding, and the usual withdrawals of gold for Scotland are about to begin. The probability appears to be, therefore, that the market will be dear and scarce for some weeks to come. In the silver market there has been a sharp fall, the price declining on Wednesday to 43⅞d. per ounce. The immediate cause was the failure of a Parsee house in Bombay which had been established for over fifty years, and which is said to have speculated to a very large amount in "exchange." But, apart from that, the market has been weak for a considerable time owing to the accumulation of the metal in New York. The great speculators there have miscalculated. They hoped that the purchases of the Treasury would do more for them than in fact they have done, and the weaker amongst them in consequence are ready to sell at very much lower prices than appeared probable a little while ago.

THE Stock Markets have been more cheerful and active this week than for a long time past. Apparently there is about to be a considerable speculation in American railroad securities. The long cold and drought have led to the opinion that the European harvest will be very bad. On the other hand, the American winter wheat crop promises very well. In the hope that America will sell to Europe exceptionally large quantities of wheat, at higher prices than have been obtained for years past, the speculation is based. As yet, however, the European public has not taken very much part in it; it has been conducted almost entirely by the greater operators in New York, Chicago, Boston, and Philadelphia. There has also been some recovery in South American securities, although all the news is unfavourable. There is no prospect yet of the end of the Chilian civil war. Speculation in Brazil is utterly reckless; in the Argentine Republic there is a general breakdown, and there is danger of a quarrel between the National Government and the Government of the Province of Buenos Ayres. In Paris there is some apprehension; several of the banks there are believed to be in difficulties, and it is known that there has been a large speculation. It is feared that the speculators cannot now close their accounts without considerable loss, as apparently neither London nor Berlin is in a position to buy largely from them. Their difficulties are heightened by political uneasiness, and by fear of a crisis in Portugal.

THE BUDGET.

FOR once Mr. Goschen has produced a "clean" Budget. The simple proposals unfolded in Thursday's plain, unvarnished statement are, in themselves, such as every Liberal can support. This year Mr. Goschen's finance is like the schoolboy's bread and butter—honest, safe, and wholesome, if just a trifle dull. Its main fault is that there is not enough of it. Given a surplus of two millions, and a Cabinet decision to plunge on Free Schools, what is a poor Chancellor of the Exchequer to do? Cut the bread and butter thick, and garnish with light half-sovereigns, is Mr. Goschen's answer. The result is, as we have said, safe and wholesome, but not very brilliant. We drink ourselves into free education, and smoke ourselves into a renovated gold coinage. We may not approve the Politics of the Professor, but this is the Finance of the Infant School.

Save in the one matter of the conversion of Consols into "Goschens"—an operation ably, if almost too cunningly, performed—Mr. Goschen has shown a marked unwillingness to live up to his unearned reputation as a financier. He has come some nasty croppers in his course, but that is no reason why he should refuse all his fences. Whether from sheer lack of financial power, or from "craven fear of being great," he now exhibits almost a genius for missing chances. Even Lord Iddesleigh's budgets were brilliancy itself compared with the dull, unimaginative recital to which Mr. Goschen this year treated the House.

Perhaps this is a reaction from the ways of his predecessor. Lord Randolph Churchill's Budget was only a "dream child," but sober Treasury officials still speak with bated breath of the bold strokes once contemplated by Mr. Rhodes's last recruit. This, however, is another story. To-day, Lord Randolph is balancing a very different budget, and we have only Mr. Goschen with us. What ought Mr. Goschen to have done for the taxpayer?

In the making of budgets, as in the conduct of life, there are always the old alternatives. We must either mould circumstances to our will, or permit the circumstances to mould us. It is of no use for Mr. Goschen to complain that his surplus, like the classic infant, is only a little one. More than one Chancellor of the Exchequer has shown us, since Mr. Gladstone's budgets of the 'fifties, how little fiscal reforms depend on spontaneous surpluses. The Equalisation and Graduation of the Death Duties depend on no unexpected expansion of the consumption of rum. The Reform of the Land Tax involves no sacrifice of revenue. The readjustment of the Income Tax is not a costly operation. Any of these three long-delayed fiscal reforms would easily have enabled Mr. Goschen to complete the work of the free-traders and give us a Free Breakfast Table. If our exports to Greece go up with a bound on a mere reduction of the duty on currants, how much more could be done for trade by the total remission of these irritating taxes on the food of the people? But Mr. Goschen has already shown us more than once how little facility he possesses in that scientific use of the imagination which is the mainspring of all reformers. He can see no escape from the pressure of circumstances which, as he now annually complains, perversely insist on making his budget for him. This type find always, as Emerson puts it, that "things are in the saddle, and ride mankind." The fault is not in Mr. Goschen's stars but in himself, that in the roll of Finance Ministers he is but an underling. Meanwhile we must be thankful for small mercies, and careful to see that their quality is not so strained as to do harm. The Government, says Mr. Goschen, will give free schools "with an ungrudging spirit." If this means the total remission of fees in all public elementary schools, well and good. But the friends of education must look to it that the freeing of the schools is not confined only to the lower standards. To demand fees from every child who enters Standard V. or VI., as the Church Party have suggested, would operate as a serious discouragement of education at the very ages when it is most useful. Any such arrangement would, moreover, tend to foster the unhappy impression, already inculcated by the law, that education is only really compulsory up to Standard IV., and that the very modest requirements of the higher standards, are but luxuries for the child, and works of supererogation for the parent. It would be better that the schools should not be freed at all, if they cannot be made free throughout.

It may be presumed that Mr. Goschen will propose to increase the Government Grant per scholar by an amount equal to the average school fee now paid. This will press hardly on Wesleyan schools, where a high fee is usually charged, and will favour the Roman Catholic schools, which charge a low one. But this inequality, which appears to be inevitable, has the incidental advantage of aiding those schools which are poor, rather more than those which are rich. Some schools will, for a time, be hard pressed by the change, but (to use the judicial comment in a not dissimilar case), on the whole, justice "will be done."

An increased Government Grant cannot possibly be given to the so-called Voluntary Schools without some provision being made for public participation in their management. Here, again, the proposals of the Government will need careful scrutiny. The suggestion which has been made in some quarters, that the parents of the children at each school should elect some of its managers, is hopelessly inadmissible. No such shifting and artificial constituency could ever make a real election. Nor are the parents the only people interested in the matter. The whole community, which will now be finding five-sixths of the cost of the education, has a right to see that the public interest is represented. The true remedy is the universal establishment of school boards, with certain definite rights of administration over all elementary schools, whether "voluntary" or not.

Liberals will not, however, be disposed to receive proposals for Free Schools in any carping spirit. If the balance be but held evenly between one class of schools and another; if adequate security for representative management is given; and if no attempt is made to go back on the great compromise of 1870, it will be for the Liberal Party to give Mr. Goschen a cordial support in pressing this great reform on the reactionaries sitting behind him.

Is it a Dissolution Budget? It would be idle to ignore the fact that the Government which abolishes the school pence will score in the rural districts, and the Liberal leaders must see that the other items in their social programme are now brought into at least the same prominence as the rather barren promises of Registration Reform. The entry of one more brewer into the House may make Lord Salisbury think that he can at last snatch a majority, just as Sir Edward Clarke's victory at Southwark in 1880 precipitated the dissolution of that year. But the precedent is not reassuring, and there is no reason to doubt the forecast which led Lord Randolph Churchill to bury himself for the moment in African deserts. Free Schools will not become effective as a bribe until the saving of the school pence is actually experienced. There can accordingly be no dissolution until October. But then we must take care to have our powder dry.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN SITUATION.

MORE than a year ago Mr. John Morley remarked in a speech that Ireland was so much with us, that we really had no time left to think of the Zambesi. We laughed, and quickly forgot all about the Zambesi. But the Zambesi seems to be one of those unpleasant developments of modern life which in its own chosen time, like the census-paper, the gout, and the Jackson case, compel us to give them our attention whether we will or no. The gigantesque and picturesque scheme, elaborated by Mr. Rhodes, for occupying and developing what his admirers have called the Land of Ophir, is one which has all along had our sympathy and good word—but subject to the understanding, expressed or implied, that the scheme did not involve any liability to the English taxpayer. The mining concession given, or said to have been given, by Lo Bengula to Mr. Rudd, and the charter given by the Queen to the British South Africa Company, have between them turned British Zambesia into the paradise of the ground landlord and the owner of mining royalties. All who go there, other than the *protégés* of a select ring, must consent to be the wage-slaves, rent-slaves, and royalty-slaves of the Company or its syndicates. To this we do not object. But if all the profit of the scheme is to go to Mr. Rhodes and the City Leviathans and great ladies who are behind him, it seems to follow clearly that the expenses necessary to make his scheme a success should fall solely on them and not on us. By no conceivable turn of events can we common English of the United Kingdom be a penny the better for it—except in so far as the country and its environs may afford a grave for our poor relations. But how stands the chance of our escaping a reluctant contribution in blood and treasure? Let us examine the situation from all sides. Mashonaland is a country about as large as France. Last year, Mr. Rhodes and the British South Africa Company sent an expedition into it, consisting of about 750 white men; and these have been followed by, perhaps, 1,500 white "prospectors." Probably about 350 of the original expedition are still kept together as a military force, occupying a chain of forts from the Limpopo River to Mount Hampden, where, according to the vague yarns of the wilderness, the great gold deposits were supposed to be. The rest of the whites are either scattered in prospecting parties over about 7,000 square miles, or have quietly returned to civilisation and are cursing the Chartered Company at Colonial drinking bars and inditing letters of complaint to Mr. Labouchere. Whatever may be the strength of the forces of civilisation actually in Mashonaland, they are scattered and without organisation or adequate appliances of defence. Nevertheless, until a fortnight ago, it would have been difficult to argue that their position was one of peril. But on a sudden all is changed. In an evil hour, the Company's servants overstepped the limits of Mashonaland and occupied a part of Manicaland, called Massi-Kessi, claimed by Portugal. Lord Salisbury subsequently signed the *modus vivendi* with Portugal and ordered the Company to clear out of Massi-Kessi; but the Company went not, for its employés, however loyal to Lord Salisbury, were suddenly possessed of an overmastering but wholly altruistic yearning to guard from native pilferers certain Portuguese stores which happened to be on the spot. Now, we learn that the Portuguese, seized with an equally altruistic desire to assert the authority of Lord Salisbury over the Company, are sending some hundreds of men up country from Beira to enforce his Lordship's behests; whilst, no doubt with the same good object, they have repelled three ships of the Company which came to Beira, having on board a party of the Company's people, under charge of Sir John Willoughby, all of whom would doubtless have ultimately joined the disobedient members of the Company's police who persist in occupying Massi-Kessi. The conduct of Governor Machado, in repelling Sir John Willoughby's little fleet, has vastly incensed, not only the rabble of Capetown, but writers among ourselves who ought to have known better. It should not be forgotten, in judging the conduct of the Portuguese, that for weeks past the fuglemen of Mr. Rhodes have been asserting that he regards the Portuguese as "matter in the wrong place"—that he means to blast them out of existence as an engineer blasts a projecting crag of rock. Others, less poetical but more practical, condescending to particulars, inform us that the British South Africa Company is ordering three hundred lances from Messrs. Wilkinson, with which, as with the javelin of Phineas, they will transfix the sinful Portuguese. Happily for us common English, Lord Salisbury has a cool head, and by his statement in the House of Lords on Thursday, we gather that he and M. de Soveral are doing what they can to allay passion on each side. So far, however, as the Company is concerned, the Portuguese counter-movement against Massi-Kessi is the least of the dangers with which it is at present threatened. A greater danger lies in the "Boer trek," of which scanty and confusing reports have reached us. The Boer is a man who likes elbow-room. It is said of him that he feels unduly crowded so long as he can see the smoke of another man's chimney rising between him and the horizon. In sober earnest, he can never live in less than 8,000 acres of land, and that at a peppercorn rent. Marrying at nineteen, he is a prolific man; and his family on an average numbers sixteen. Of the eight boys, each wants a farm when he reaches nineteen. No wonder that the Transvaal is already deemed too small for its population. For years the necessity of extension has been discussed, and certain Boers, notably one Barend Vorster, are said to have taken thought for the future by obtaining land grants from the native chiefs north of the Limpopo. All unconscious of British diplomacy and Stock Exchange combinations, the trek has been gradually organising itself; and just now—at the most inconvenient moment for the Company—its leaders have decided to set it in motion. They go not forth as lawless freebooters, but as their fathers and grandfathers went before them, with their womenkind, their children, and their clergy; and it remains to be seen whether they will be stayed by Lord Salisbury's ultimatum to President Kruger.

The third great danger to the Company consists in the temper of the Matabele. Much might be said upon the abstract question whether Lo Bengula's interest lies in siding with or against the English. On the face of it, it might well be held that his interests are identical with ours. But, on the other hand, if his instincts tell him that our supremacy will be fatal to him and his, possibly his instincts are not false. But whatever Lo Bengula himself may think of the matter, his "young regiments" may perhaps relieve him of all the trouble and responsibility of deciding by a wild dash at the Company's forces from the west. Thus it is on the cards that the Company are in peril of being "pinched" between three hostile forces—the Matabele from the west, Barend Vorster's trekkers from the south, and the Portuguese soldiers and half-breeds in their thousands from the east—so that the much-vaunted "Occupation of Mashonaland" may collapse even more suddenly than it was accomplished. Now how does this affect us? Well, in various ways. Through

all the moods and tenses, Sir Henry Loch is protesting (under instructions) that the trek must not and may not cross the Limpopo River; whilst the pressure on Lord Salisbury to send war-vessels to Beira and the other Portuguese sea-ports has already proved too strong for his powers of resistance. The only doubt as to the extent to which he will take naval action, arises from the fact that the charts and geography-books leave us in uncertainty as to whether his cruisers and iron-clads, or even his gun-boats, will be able to get within twelve miles of the Portuguese river mouths. As to his ability to stop the Boer trek, we are still more doubtful—unless, of course, President Kruger "damps" it effectually for him. The route to the "drifts" of the Limpopo, by which the trek will cross, extends over more than one thousand miles from where the railway ends; and nearly the whole road lies through a great "thirst" land, which is as impracticable for an army as the road from Suakim to Berber. Some South African enthusiasts advocate taking a water-route by the Limpopo from the sea-shore, which has many advantages; but these are neutralised, in the eyes of more pedantic critics, by the fact that the Limpopo dips underground for stretches of seven or eight miles each, at two or three places, along its course. No stern-wheel steamer yet purchased by the Admiralty is capable of being carted across one of these "blind" lengths in a South African river. For ourselves, we do not believe that the Government could or would seriously attempt military operations against the Boers inland. Probably we may send a small army to Cape Town, which, like Sir Charles Warren's army of 1884, will earn for itself the nickname of the "Salvation Army," by reason of the large sums of our money which will be spent upon it. And we may also land a portion of a ship's company here and there along the Portuguese coast. If so, the blue-jackets will all die or be permanently disabled by fever; and, as far as South Africa is concerned, the matter will end in moderate loss and immoderate ridicule. The possible consequences to Portugal itself and to Europe we dwelt on six months ago, in an article entitled "The Portuguese Crisis—and After" (SPEAKER, No. 44). We observed that whenever disaster came upon the Company in Africa—

> "It is to Lord Salisbury and the Channel Fleet that Mr. Rhodes will appeal for redress, and such redress can take no other shape than that of a counter-blow directed against Oporto, Lisbon, or Madeira. Operations on the spot are out of the question, and would be nugatory. . . . But if driven into action, however complete may be his immediate success, the very contingency which he most desires to avoid must inevitably follow. The Portuguese will tell their Coburg King and his Orleans Queen to take train for Paris. That is all. But they know, as well as Lord Salisbury himself, how grave will be the consequences of such a *dénouement* for his lordship and the policy to which his soul is dedicated."

We went on to show that the Republican flame, once lighted, would almost certainly spread to Spain, probably to Belgium, and possibly to Holland, and we wound up in this way:—

> "And yet, leaving Holland out of the reckoning, what a notable achievement we have here as the work of the most Royalist and most Conservative of European politicians! A solid wall of Republicanism built across Western Europe, barring communication between him and his friends of the Triple Alliance—immeasurable encouragement afforded to the Socialists of Germany—the throne of the Hapsburgs fatally undermined, the Eastern question inevitably reopened—and what was it all begun for? Simply to seat a Mr. Something Smith as Unionist Member for the Partick Division of Lanarkshire."

This was written so long ago that we quite forget wherein lay the pungency of our sarcasm about "Mr. Something Smith," although we were obviously very pleased with it at the time. But, apart from that, we venture to say that our appreciation of the crisis, with which Lord Salisbury has provided himself and us, requires neither addition nor modification. It would not surprise us if the question how and for whose benefit this trouble came about were to become the absorbing topic of what remains of the Session or of the Parliament.

THE ELECTIONS AND THE GENERAL ELECTION.

WE can find no fault with the Tory party because of their elation at the result of the Mid-Oxfordshire election. It is true that Liberals can find good ground for consolation under their own defeat in this very outburst of Ministerial jubilation. That so much should be made of the fact that they have been able, not to win a seat, but to hold one which was already in their possession, affords the best possible proof of the depth to which the hopes of the Conservatives have fallen. Still, a victory is a victory; and the Ministerial newspapers are entitled to rejoice over that which their party secured in Mid-Oxfordshire. How the remaining elections now pending may turn, we do not pretend to say. In two of the constituencies the Liberal candidates have fair hopes of winning, and, for our part, we shall be disappointed if the result of the General Election in miniature should not be to give some fresh strength to the Opposition. We are told, however, that if this should not be the case, and if the Tories should be able to keep all the vacant seats, a dissolution of Parliament will forthwith follow. It may be so; for a dissolution manifestly draws nearer every day, and Ministers will be foolish not to take the first favourable opportunity which offers itself for an appeal to the country. But do they really imagine that the dissolution will give them a fresh lease of power? We do not believe it. There is not one of them who, alike in his public and his private utterances, has not made it manifest that he expects to be ousted from office when the voice of the country is next allowed to make itself heard.

By far the most striking feature of Lord Salisbury's speech to the members of the Primrose League on Tuesday was the pessimistic tone of his forecast of the next General Election. The ring of confidence which distinguished Mr. Disraeli's utterances on similar occasions, even when he knew that he was marching to certain defeat, was wholly absent from the Prime Minister's address. In its place was an attempt to minimise the consequences of a defeat at the General Election. His hearers were assured that, even if that election should result in the overthrow of the present Government and the return of a Liberal majority to Parliament, the great question of the day would remain unsolved. In plain words, Lord Salisbury promised his supporters that if, for five years succeeding the General Election, a Liberal Administration were to be in power, the battle against Home Rule would be maintained with unceasing ardour and spirit during the whole period. It is given to no man—not even to the leader of the Tory party—to command success; and Lord Salisbury may rest assured that when a Liberal Government is installed in office, it will know how to carry out its own policy and to fulfil its pledges, however strenuously it may be resisted by its defeated opponents.

Nothing, indeed, can inspire a greater degree of hopefulness among Liberals generally than the manner in which the Prime Minister in this speech

dealt with the question of Ireland. For years past the cue of the supporters of the Government has been to represent the Irish question as being at an end; and whenever Mr. Gladstone has ventured upon the assertion that it still "held the field," he has been saluted with a chorus of mocking gibes from the Coercionist press. But on Tuesday Lord Salisbury himself was as emphatic in repeating this assertion as Mr. Gladstone has ever been. The question of Ireland still stops the way, and until it has been solved all other questions must occupy a more or less secondary position.

But if we are grateful to the Prime Minister for having made full acknowledgment of this fact, a fact so distasteful to the majority of his supporters, we can hardly condemn too severely the spirit in which he now discusses the great problem. Apparently he has been infected by the evil passions of Mr. Goschen, and, like that gentleman, is anxious to turn a great political question, affecting the peace of the United Kingdom and the liberties of Ireland, into one of sectarian bitterness and zealotry. Apparently, also, he is anxious to divert the attention of the country from the principles at issue to those minor personal questions which have too long been permitted to distort men's judgments when dealing with Ireland. He invited the attention of his enthusiastic audience to the display which, according to his contention, has been made of the "seamy side" of Irish patriotism. By this phrase he means to refer to the fact that the overwhelming majority of the Irish representatives have, in a painful and bitter crisis in the history of their party, shown themselves able to rise above mere personal motives, and, at all sacrifice to their feelings, to prefer the interests of their country to those of any one man. It would have been too much to expect that Lord Salisbury would be able to admire the heroism which the Irish Nationalists have thus displayed; but it is a singular instance of his perversity in misreading the signs of the times that he should look upon this proof of their courage and independence as a display of the "seamy side" of their characters.

Nor was his allusion to Mr. Parnell himself in better taste than his reference to those who have deposed the Member for Cork from his leadership. Whatever Mr. Parnell's faults may be, however low he may have fallen, there is no just man amongst us who can deny that in the episode of the forged letters he was most foully and cruelly wronged, and that by the manner in which the present House of Commons refused to make any reparation for that wrong an indelible stain was inflicted upon the character of the British Parliament. The historian, we may be sure, will do full justice to this memorable and melancholy transaction; and long after those who now are prominent on the stage of political life have been forgotten, the memory will remain of an incident in the history of Parliament which has done more to degrade the character of that assembly than anything which is recorded since the days of the Stuarts. Yet Lord Salisbury on Tuesday went out of his way once more to express his cynical indifference to the wrong which was done to Mr. Parnell, and to justify the action of Parliament in refusing to make any atonement for the crime at which it had connived. We do not believe that the electors of England, however justly they may be incensed by the betrayal of his party and his cause of which Mr. Parnell has since been guilty, have either forgotten or forgiven the shocking episode of the forged letters, or have allowed themselves to be blinded to the fact that the Government of the day, and the present House of Commons, deliberately made themselves the accomplices of those who are responsible for that outrage upon decency and justice. It is for this reason that we hold that, in spite of recent dissensions in the Irish party, the next General Election will more than justify the forebodings of the Prime Minister, by proving that Great Britain in this matter is resolved that the wrong shall be righted and that just retribution shall fall upon the wrongdoers.

DIZZY—ALIVE AND DEAD.

"MOST people are wicked," said the Greek pessimist. The great statesman whose death we have just been commemorating knew better than this. Most people are simple, and they chiefly want to be amused; and his solid appreciation of these facts was Lord Beaconsfield's key to successful life.

It is interesting to discover in a Mr. Henry Lake, who was a member of Mr. Disraeli's Committee in the Bucks election in 1847, and who has put together, for Primrose Day, a few personal reminiscences of his chief during that period, a pure type of the kind of temper on which—we say it in all good-nature—Lord Beaconsfield habitually imposed. Mr. Lake's reminiscences are rather thin, but his admiration is very thick. He enters the house at Grosvenor Gate, with its vestibule "enclosed in the form of a Persian tent," with bated breath. He accepts the candidature with enthusiasm, and recalls, with due reverence, that Mr. Disraeli referred in some of the preliminary interviews to "some disputed points in his earlier life." There were many such points, and it is a pity that Mr. Lake does not give us Lord Beaconsfield's explanations of them. He quotes some fustian from "Henrietta Temple," and a speech at Aylesbury in responding to the health of "The Ladies"—which would have suited a Primrose habitation down to the ground—as evidence of "a great and mighty mind, which thoroughly appreciated the legitimate power of woman and her quiet and feminine influence over the fortunes of our country." Mr. Disraeli introduces him—with the touching deference which he invariably showed to his father—to old Isaac D'Israeli, sitting, blind, in his arm-chair at Bradenham, his long silver-white curls falling over his shoulders; and his doing so plunges good Mr. Lake into an ecstasy of grateful enthusiasm. Disraeli the elder says simply that he is "glad to welcome a friend of his son," and Mr. Lake all but swoons. He tells us in an awed whisper that the "family were allied with the high Hebrew aristocracy of Spain," and much more to the same effect. Blessed are the simple-minded; they shall be fed with a spoon.

In truth, the episode in Lord Beaconsfield's career of which Mr. Lake was a witness, and on which he throws some little light, was characteristic and interesting. Probably Mr. Lake did not quite understand his hero's prompt acceptance of the candidature. Those who were acquainted with those "disputed points" in Mr. Disraeli's earlier career would have been better prepared. Mr. Disraeli had just completed his first great Parliamentary success. He had fully avenged on Peel the neglect of '41 and '42, and he was no longer the fantastic, uncertain, restless *homme incompris* whom no party seemed inclined to accept. He had established his claim to mastery in the House by a set of speeches which to-day every Englishman can read with pleasure for their exceeding brilliancy, their courage, their deftness, their rapier-like skill of fence. He had first deposed his enemy from the leadership of a united Tory party, had then helped to hurl him from office, and finally, with a success that must have intensely

amused and interested his cool introspective nature, had established himself in his place as the real, if not the virtual, chief of all the live and stubborn Toryism left in the House—viz., the great country party, "the agricultural interest." It was necessary to emphasise this position—to pose properly as the leader of the country gentlemen whose "Tally-ho" had been cheering him on to the chase—so a new constituency had to be chosen. Why not Bucks? It was a stronghold of the Protectionist party. His father was a freeholder of the county, and had long lived at Bradenham. He had been there before, in 1834, sitting humble and unnoticed at the table where the Duke of Buckingham had been praising the Marquis of Chandos, and the Marquis of Chandos had eulogised the Duke of Buckingham. When he decided to take the candidature, he was at once taunted with being a nominee of the Buckingham interest, a charge which he bitterly and proudly resented. He fought the battle with immense spirit and humour, harping skilfully on the *leit-motiv* he had chosen—the contrast between "popular principles" and "Liberal opinions." One of his opponents was Mr. Cavendish, and "Dizzy" ruthlessly avenged on him the hint about the Buckingham patronage. "Let him pride himself on his blood; I have confidence in my brains," he said. It is possible that the Claimant was a student of Mr. Disraeli's speeches, for there is a sensible smack of the Aylesbury epigram in a phrase which afterwards rang through England. In Mr. Disraeli's case it sounded the strenuous note of his career. He consorted with dukes, and sometimes flattered them, and, like most of their acquaintances, found them dull. But he "lived resolutely" on his own intellectual resources, and he ended by obtaining the kind of mastery over his superiors in station which he coveted, and which he knew best how to use.

In sooth, the recurrence of Primrose Day reminds us that Lord Beaconsfield's career was admirably calculated to impress what we may call half-tastes in politics and morals. To be bold, to be interesting, to lose and lose well, to win and win gracefully, to be patient, to be pitiless, to manage men, to have imagination—this is a great sum of qualities, and Lord Beaconsfield had them all. On the whole, Englishmen are singularly catholic in their public affections. They have loved Mr. Gladstone's austere bent of mind and character; and they have taken equally to Lord Beaconsfield; they were fond of Charles the Second, and of Cromwell; they liked Lord Byron, and they have had many heroes of the Chadband class. Lord Beaconsfield appealed peculiarly to one's youthful side, to the boy-pirate which lurks in all of us, be he Primrose Knight or Mr. Andrew Lang.

It is perhaps more puzzling to observe the consecrated side of the Beaconsfield tradition. There was nothing tragic in Lord Beaconsfield, that we should commemorate him with the automatic, albeit the evanishing, piety of Primrose Day. He was not a Gordon or a Becket. He died full of years and honours, having attained everything which he deemed worth attaining—having lived all his life on Dead Sea apples and found them an amazingly comforting diet. "Why," said Byron, "should we mourn for the blest?" Why should we canonise, not the martyr, but the perfectly successful man? That is a problem in its way, which the elaborate man-millinery of the Primrose League helps to obscure. The answer probably lies in the hold which the dead man had on the imagination of our people, in the dazzling completeness of his career, and the Moorish magnificence of its trappings.

NATIONAL PROVIDENT INSURANCE.

THE workman of the future will have a better lot than the workman of to-day. Many minds are endeavouring to lay the Spectre of Insecurity which must now haunt him in his serious hours. The latest scheme for his benefit, that prepared by the Shipping Federation, applies only to seamen, and contains, in its present form, no provision for sickness or old age. But it is, we believe, an honest attempt to confer a substantial boon upon seamen. It matters not that the Federation shipowners, in framing the scheme, have had before their eyes the fear of strikes, and the consequences of an extension to seamen of the Employers' Liability Act. It is satisfactory to know that the widow of a captain or first engineer, mate or seaman, will get, if he be lost at sea, £100, £50, or £25. But this is, of course, a mere fraction of the problem; the scheme professes to be, even for seamen, only an instalment of what is needed. If a prize were offered for the best practicable scheme of national insurance, there would be many competitors; but one scheme, at all events, would not be successful—that lately formulated by Mr. Chamberlain. About this matter he has been too much in a hurry; he has not taken time to study the chief conditions of the problem, which are these: 286,867 persons over sixty years, exclusive of lunatics, vagrants, and others constructively in receipt of relief by reason of its being given to their wives or children, dependent upon the poor rates; the fact that many workmen, even if they were frugal, which they are not, could not save sufficient out of their wages to purchase an annuity for their maintenance in old age; the marked reluctance of the public to avail themselves of the Post Office annuities; and the existence of Friendly Societies which, with all their defects, are powerful and useful. Mr. Chamberlain suggests that if anyone pays in a sum to the Post Office Savings Bank, the State is to allow him double the usual rate of interest, and he will be entitled at sixty-five years of age to an annuity representing his accumulated savings at compound interest. A boon to those who, as things are, make provision for their old age, this would not meet the really urgent cases; it passes by not merely those who are thriftless and improvident, and who would as soon think of saving as of flinging their earnings into the Thames, but those whose scanty earnings put saving out of the question.

Nor would Canon Blackley's scheme merit the chief prize. It was carefully examined by a Select Committee, and rejected, as it deserved to be, if only on actuarial grounds. It mixed up insurance for old age, an ascertainable liability, with health insurance, with its indefinite liabilities. We must dismiss, too, for various reasons, the project which was formulated a few weeks ago in the House of Commons by Sir R. Paget, that a contribution should be made by the State to such friendly and provident societies as "are able, after actuarial valuation, to obtain a certificate from a public auditor that their resources are adequate to secure to all their members the whole of the benefits offered by their existing regulations." To this plan there is the obvious and conclusive objection that a friendly society may be perfectly solvent to-day, and may by this time next year, by bad management, be virtually bankrupt. Is the State to continue to bolster up a society which once has received a clean bill from Mr. Finlaison or Mr. Brabrook, or is it to take over the management of the societies which it assists? A much more carefully thought-out scheme is that which Professor Hunter lately shadowed forth in the House of Commons, and which he would at

first apply only to Scotland. Borrowing the chief features of the German law, he would make every workman contribute, out of his wages, 4d. a week, and would contribute, out of State resources, another 4d. This would secure, he computes, to a man who began to contribute at twenty a pension of 10s. a week at sixty-five.

We are not going to propose, in competition with the above schemes, a counter one. But we would suggest some of the lines upon which a satisfactory plan of national provident insurance should be drawn. The Poor Law provides for all alike, for those who never could have saved, and for those who could; the same fate awaits the truly unfortunate as the thriftless and self-indulgent. We are not convinced that some discrimination is here impossible or inexpedient. The latter cannot be allowed to starve, however culpable their improvidence. But ought they to fare exactly the same as if they had struggled and failed? Ought not there to be some reward for abstinence and self-denial? Of two working men earning the same wages, one declines to economise; he spends what he gets as he gets it. For him there is the refuge of the workhouse. He cannot grumble if he fares no better. His mate, more thoughtful, saves a little, but not enough to secure him a pension at sixty or sixty-five. Would it be unreasonable to come to the aid of the latter, and to put down the equivalent of what has been saved by him, so as to make his future to some extent dependent on his exertions and abstinence? In this country there is no disposition to adopt *en bloc* the German system, which deducts compulsorily a portion of the workman's wages. No English statesman would at present propose such a scheme with the slightest hope of success. Is not the only alternative to devise a mode in which saving shall be directly supplemented?

We do not believe that a workable scheme is impossible if only two temporary obstacles are removed. Some of the leaders of the working classes look with coldness on all such proposals. They do so from a vague feeling that they turn away the minds of their class from militant, aggressive schemes, and act as a drag on bolder aspirations. The officials and supporters of trade unions and friendly societies suspect that such a system might weaken their influence and give perilous power to the State, of which hundreds of thousands would become pensioners. We are not underrating the element of reason in this aversion and suspicion; and they will at least save us from the mistake committed in Germany, where, with the levity and haste peculiar to despotism, a gigantic scheme has been adopted without, it is now admitted, full consideration of all the consequences, where a leap in the dark has been taken, and experts are at a loss to know whether the persons affected are 11,000,000 or 13,000,000. But it would be a pity if New, or for that matter Old Unionism were to lay itself open to the charge of being vigilant and active exclusively in the interests of the strong and able-bodied, the effectives of the army of industry, but lethargic and cruelly indifferent towards its veterans. For the present we note an absence in the writings and speeches of many able representatives of the working classes of interest in this side of the social problem. But it is not, we believe, a permanent feeling; it may disappear in presence of that which has not yet been produced, a really workable scheme of national insurance. There is much evidence of the constructive genius of the present leaders of the working men; they, not our Parliamentary leaders, may turn out to be the true heirs of your Richelieus and Colberts; every industrial Congress, and notably that just ended at Paris, shows it, and we do not despair of a democratic society one day formulating a scheme more satisfactory than that created by the benevolent despotism of Prince Bismarck.

IRELAND A NATION.—II.

IN the last debates of the Irish Parliament, George Knox delivered on February 14th, 1800, what Mr. Lecky has called a very remarkable speech. It was, in fact, a prophecy. Knox, pleading against the Union, which was soon to be carried by means as corrupt as they were illegal, insisted that, however great were the faults of the National Parliament, it had represented "every variety of interest, property, talent, knowledge, wisdom, and energy;" that it had produced a real sense of identity between the people and the State; and had afforded a natural and constitutional issue for the sentiments and passions by which they were swayed. If it fell, what would be the consequence? A time of prosperity might arrive, and a better government be given, but discontent might steadily increase. Nay, "a discontented and unguided Ireland might one day become, in the English-speaking world, as formidable a source of aggressive Jacobinism as France had been on the Continent," and "its baneful influence might extend to the farthest limits of the civilised world."

It was a bold, and seemingly an extravagant forecast. Yet, observes Mr. Lecky, who shall say that it overshot the mark? "Irish Jacobinism," according to the historian, has played no insignificant part in those English-speaking nations on which the future of the world depends. It has brought new principles and precedents into legislature. It is creating a distinct type of public man. It has, by means of the Irish vote in St. Stephen's, helped the Democratic movement all along the line, from the Reform Bill of 1832 to the Radical programme of yesterday. Now that the raising of our working millions to social comfort and independence is becoming a chief aim of politics, the same tendency will make itself more and more conspicuous. For as long as the Irish members remain at Westminster, they will be allies of the English Democracy. They have forced upon a House of Commons which represented "All the Interests," the great experiment of Land Courts, with the fixing of judicial rents. They have disestablished the so-called Irish Church. Theirs is the only country in Europe where religion is dealt with on the principles of the American Constitution, where it is neither in alliance with the State nor its enemy, but is free and individual, like literature and trade.

By a similar process, the Irish vote is now disestablishing landlords and middlemen at home. But who can doubt that the argument will be applied in course of time to ground-rents, leaseholds, and lordships over the resources of industry and manufactures on both sides of St. George's Channel? East London is joining hands with West Connaught. Excessive sub-division of land, rapid rise of rents, multiplication of a pauper tenantry—these were evils that called for a legislation which should be neither feudal in idea nor dominated by the abstract principle of selling to the highest bidder, irrespective of the larger considerations of humanity. They have their parallel in the long leases which tie the hands of a willing landlord, and hide his responsibility from a careless one, in our great cities. There is the same sub-letting, the same speculation in poor men's dwellings, the same forcing up of rents by competition, and an equal disregard of health and comfort.

The Irish problem is the London problem, and *vice versâ*. Both are in the first place social, and the means of solving them must be either political or revolutionary. No question can be raised as to the necessity of far-reaching economic changes. The feudal and commercial tenure of property has begun already to undergo slight but ominous transformations. The overlord, who is at present an individual, or a private company, is finding out that the power which allowed him to grow up, or which in many cases actually created him by grants and charters, may interfere to some purpose with his rents and dividends. He, too, has an overlord—one who is bound to proceed by due course of law, but in whose hands the making of the law rests ultimately. It is a change of extraordinary significance. But on the day when Mr. Gladstone set up his Irish Land Courts, that power was recognised in the modern State. Henceforth there was to be free contract in land, while the public authorities guaranteed fair dealing.

The miseries of Ireland have been unanimously ascribed to the spoliation of the old Catholic inhabitants, combined with absentee land-owning. Even Lord Clare affirmed that the whole power and property of the Island had been conferred on "three sets of adventurers," and that "confiscation" was "their common title." If we examine the English Doomsday Book, and reckon up the titles of the four thousand five hundred personages to whom one-half of England belongs, or of the seventy who own half Scotland, we shall be struck with the similarity of their tenure—by grant from the Crown, and transformation of strictly feudal to absolute ownership—with the "confiscation" to which Lord Clare bluntly ascribed the existence of the "puny and rapacious oligarchy," on whose heads he poured his scornful rhetoric. In both islands the mass of the people have been disinherited of every right in the soil, whether they remain *adscripti glebæ*, or are driven into the cities and huddle together in overrented lodgings. For most purposes of social superintendence, the great landlords, with honourable exceptions, are absentees from the property which supports them. To quote the striking phrase of Aristotle, in his new-found Treatise on the Constitution of Athens, "the country belonged to a few, and the many, so to speak, had no share of anything." If deep and chronic poverty be, as is asserted, the share of nearly thirty millions in the British Isles, we may well echo the lugubrious statement of the old Greek philosopher at this day. The Social Reform has a long way to make up ere it marches abreast with the political. An English nation, co-extensive with the manhood of the country, has not yet been founded. It is coming to the birth. And its chief friend and associate will be the Ireland which has thrown its State Church behind it, brought "landlordism" under the law, broken with its feudal aristocracy, turned the sound elements of "Jacobinism" into constitutional channels, and, in uttering the word "Home Rule," has shown how to reconcile self-government with a supreme Federal authority.

These are notable results for a disfranchised people to have accomplished, long deprived of schools, education, and their natural leaders. The "flight of the wild geese" left the Catholic population without hereditary chiefs. Since the Acts of Emancipation, a worse misfortune, the rise of a time-serving "Castle party," has obliged their leaders to make head, not only against the old Protestant garrison, but against the "West British Catholics"—the Keoghs and their successors, who were patriots first that they might be place-men afterwards. The secret of their success is not, however, difficult to understand. Ireland has been in the current of European ideas, while the monopolists both of Ireland and England are still in the backwater. An emigration, continued over a century, if we reckon the early bands which settled in the American States before 1793, has carried with it no love for the British Constitution according to De Lolme, but a hatred stronger than death of the injustice and rapacity which drove so many millions into exile. The London daily newspapers are never weary of dwelling on the unscrupulous temper and ferocious violence of Irish societies in the United States. Do they forget the apologies they once printed on behalf of Italian, Hungarian, and Polish refugees, maddened, as they said, by the oppression of their rulers? The cure for all this crime and conspiracy was, they declared, the simplest in the world. It was freedom and self-government. Why then is it not the same for Ireland as for Italy? Were the Roman Catholics of Hungary and Poland less degraded than those of Munster? If repression did not avail in Venice, where is the likelihood of its victory at Cork? Freedom and democracy have succeeded in pacifying the Canadians. Is there any reason, save a dull prejudice, acting from generation to generation, why they should not have a fair trial nearer home?

As long as the Irish Question seemed unlike all others, a tangle of perplexities without a second to match it (which has been the view of the Froudes, the Salisburys, and the Kingsleys), there was little hope of dealing with it successfully. But when Lalor wrote in the "Irish Felon" that "the absolute ownership of the lands of Ireland is vested of right in the people of Ireland," he foreshadowed the movement which Mr. Henry George was to sketch in "Progress and Poverty." When Mitchel affirmed that "the Irish people cannot be roused in any quarrel less than that of social revolution," he was anticipating the day on which the disinherited workers of the world, coming to learn their own rights and conscious of the strength to vindicate them, should unite in a Labour League stretching across the boundaries of kingdoms and republics. That day is almost upon us. To the conflict of dynasties has succeeded the war of tariffs; and tariffs are the weapons with which monopolists in one country fight monopolists in another. But Protection overlooks the wages of the working man, or blurts out that Mr. McKinley has raised the price of materials and that the reward of labour must consequently be diminished. What will the proletariat say to these arguments? Will they sit down quietly and allow the monopolist to tax the products of industry, as the landlord taxes the fruits of the soil? And if not, dare anyone prophesy that the social revolution is not at the doors?" "English statesmen," again remarks Mr. Lecky, "are confronted with one of the gravest and most difficult of political problems. It is that of creating, by a wide diffusion and rearrangement of landed property, a new social type, a new conservative basis, in a disaffected and disorganised nation." Omitting the word "disaffected," which is here applied to Ireland and has no fixed meaning, do we not recognise, in this account of the present state of one country, the description of modern Europe as a whole? Has not the historian briefly announced the task of all statesmen, foreign as well as English, now confronted with a democratic working class which demands to be made the "new conservative basis," whereon the edifice of the future shall be raised up?

What, then, is the question? Not whether Ireland ought to be a nation—for that is granted by Tory and Radical alike—nor whether a "new social type" is coming into existence under the influence

of the movement which dates from 1789, but whether the means whereby such things shall come about is to be constitutional or violent. Shall it be by voting or by fighting? By speeches or by dynamite? Long ago, Flood asked his countrymen, "When have you negotiated that you have not been deceived? When have you demanded that you have not succeeded?" Since his time much has been achieved by peaceful agitation. But the Extreme Left is always waiting. Lord Salisbury affects to believe that everyone who demands Home Rule is a rebel and a Separatist. Grattan, apparently, has left no descendants. O'Connell, he would say, is a broken idol. True it is that some Irish patriots though they did not agree with Mitchel, have spoken of the "inextinguishable hatred" which burns in the hearts of Irishmen towards England. Yes, but the England they had in view is beginning to vanish in the sunshine of a larger ideal. It was the England of Feudalism and the Commercial Era. With the England which now votes, and by-and-by will govern, Irishmen not only have no quarrel, but are in deep and earnest sympathy. Their enemies are the same. Their interests do not clash. To one goal they look forward. The danger which threatens both comes from the same quarters of the heavens. For it is the landed interest represented by Lord Salisbury which has kept them under the yoke, as it is the Nihilist faction, bent on murder and anarchy, which alone can delay their victory. Extremes meet, and the Premier who would resuscitate buried controversies holds out his hands to the flingers of dynamite, intent on substituting the dagger for the ballot-box. A new nation is rising from the ranks in England as in Ireland. The statesman whose heart and mind are large enough to understand their wishes may in time fulfil them. As for others, they are best employed in descanting on the past, and in burying their dead with cynical speeches. While they were permitted to misgovern the working classes they did so in the grand style, to their own contentment. They do not perceive that a new day has dawned, and that property always has followed, and will follow, political power.

CHRONICLE OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THE alarms of a week or two ago have been succeeded by a temporary calm, and there is no news of first-rate importance. The apprehension of labour troubles on May 1st to which reference was made last week seems not to have increased, though sporadic cases of disturbance may no doubt be expected, especially in Austria and Spain. In France the two leading sections of Socialists and the Anarchists are too hostile to one another to admit of any demonstration of importance being made in Paris. At Milan, too, the majority of the workmen have decided not to demonstrate, but the number of unemployed and the distress at Rome, at Ancona, at Leghorn, and elsewhere, make it probable that there may be some disturbance—especially if, as seems likely, the Government resorts to repression too soon. In Spain the Government, apparently with the concurrence of the leaders of the Opposition, will prohibit all outdoor manifestations and permit only indoor meetings under the supervision of a commissary of police. In Hungary, a mass meeting is announced at Buda Pesth for May 1st. In Austria, there will no doubt be isolated demonstrations, which it is to be feared will be suppressed by force. In Germany—where, as in Austria, strikes are pending here and there—"Labour Day" is to be kept on Sunday, May 3rd. The labour troubles in the iron district of Pennsylvania have broken out afresh, and —the individualism of America permitting private warfare—bodies of Pinkerton police have been drafted into the disturbed district by the owners of the menaced works, and there is every probability of civil war on a small scale between them and the Bohemian labourers.

Last Saturday the German Emperor presented new colours to five regiments, to whom he made an incautious speech—an indiscretion which he repeated at a banquet the same evening. No full report of either speech has been allowed to appear; but he is known to have said that troubles were approaching, and to have expressed a hope that the troops would always do their duty "either against domestic or foreign enemies." Gloom seems to be the leading characteristic of the Emperor's speeches, even on festive occasions—which is at least a sign that he appreciates the magnitude of the tasks he has set himself to perform.

Prince Bismarck will doubtless be returned for Geestemunde at the second ballot on April 30th. His comparative failure at the first is seemingly due to the abstention of many National Liberals—the party he had just been describing to the Conservatives of Kiel as "that section of our opponents in whose company a political life is possible." The attacks on the Government, inspired by him, have recommenced, with an article in the *Hamburger Nachrichten* against the new system of communal organisation in Prussia —now before the Landtag, and noticeable by foreigners chiefly because it confers from two to four extra votes on the wealthier members of a commune—in which it is urged that there are great dangers in "democratising the bases of the Prussian monarchy."

Three elections to the Senate, and three to the Chamber, took place in France on Sunday. A Republican was returned in Finistère by an increased majority. In the Indre a second ballot will probably displace one from his position at the head of the poll in favour of a Bonapartist. In the Indre et Loire the Vicomte Foy, a member of an Orleanist family, stood as an Independent Republican on the lines advocated by Cardinal Lavigerie, and headed the poll. A second ballot will be necessary, but the other candidates are an advanced Republican and a Socialist, and M. Foy's return is not unlikely. This new tendency of French Conservatism was vigorously attacked by M. Ferry in a speech at Vic de Bigorre on Sunday. Republican senators were returned in the departments of Dordogne and Hérault, and there was a reduced Reactionist majority in Maine et Loire. Another politician who has for some time been out of public life—M. Goblet, Premier in 1886, when General Boulanger was War Minister—is a Senatorial candidate in the department of the Seine. His candidature is regarded with the utmost disfavour by a section of the Opportunist Republicans. New governors—M. Cambon and M. Lanessau—are appointed for Algeria and Tonquin. The latter, at present a deputy of the Seine, and in sympathy with the advanced section of the Left, is well spoken of as an authority on colonial matters and as a man of industry and energy. The powers of the Governor of Tonquin are considerably increased.

The remainder of the session of the Italian Chambers will probably be exciting. Despite the desire of the Government to postpone African questions till after the report of the Commission of Inquiry in June, the Extreme Left will probably lodge several interpellations; and Signor Bonghi's bill for abolishing *scrutin de liste* in Parliamentary elections, now under discussion, is likely to provoke strong opposition from Signor Crispi, who has already condemned it in advance. The summaries published of the Green Book on Count Antonelli's mission to Menelek the Emperor of Abyssinia, which was issued on Thursday week, leaves the reader in doubt as to which party did most to mislead the other. The Emperor complained that the clause by which he engaged to treat with foreign Powers through the Italian Government was much more definitely put in the Italian version than in the Amharic, and repudiated the former. His action

was attributed to the machinations of French agents, and Count Antonelli was sent to arrange matters, and then either the Emperor or his servants attempted trickery in the ratification of the documents relating to the disputed clause, whereupon Count Antonelli withdrew by way of protest. The Extreme Left, of course, regard Menelek as the victim of Signor Crispi, but it is hardly likely that the discrepancy complained of, which was due to the Abyssinian translator, was wholly unintentional. All that is clear is that Abyssinia is a most untrustworthy and undesirable subject-ally. The indignation of the Crispine organs at the publication of the documents shows how damaging it is to the reputation of their hero. Meetings have been held to prepare for a conference on International Arbitration, to be held at Rome in November under the presidency of Signor Bonghi. Mr. Cremer, M.P., attended as delegate from England. A serious explosion at Rome on Thursday has enabled the King again to manifest his sympathy with the sufferings of his people.

The situation in Portugal is described as very critical; there are fresh troubles in West Africa with the natives, as well as in the East with the Chartered Company; the Ministerial crisis has only been temporarily settled, and internal disturbances are likely to break out on very slight provocation.

The Russian Government has definitely decided on the gradual expulsion of all Jews from Moscow, including the Jewish skilled artisans, of whom there are about 14,000 in the city, and similar measures will soon be taken in St. Petersburg. The artisans, at least, will hardly come under the category of "destitute aliens" whom some of our Fair Traders wish to exclude. But we must be prepared for another Jewish exodus. The curious conversion of the existing Russian loans into larger capital amounts bearing a lower interest proceeds apace.

Trouble is likely to arise between Servia and Bulgaria in connection with the demand by the latter for the extradition of an alleged accessory to the murder of M. Beltcheff.

Ex-President Cleveland, who will probably be the Democratic candidate for the Presidency, is stated to have declared himself provisionally against the free coinage of silver. Mr. Blaine's name has been received with great enthusiasm by the convention of the Republican League at Cincinnati, and the protests of the Indiana delegates that an unfair advantage was being taken of President Harrison's absence in the South-West will probably lead to an earlier decision than was expected as to the Republican nomination. President Harrison, who has been prevented by a constitutional technicality from meeting the Mexican President at El Paso, has made a remarkable speech at Galveston, urging the speedy completion of the Nicaragua Canal and foreshadowing the conclusion of commercial treaties with the Spanish-American States, and the restoration by lavish subsidising of an American mercantile marine—a project which need not alarm English shipowners, considering that the ships will have to be built in America—a very expensive process—that the Western voters will have a good deal to say to the project, and that, when some years ago American and English steamers formed part of the same line from Liverpool to Philadelphia, the American steamers did not pay and the English did.

The situation in Argentina has again become somewhat critical, owing to the opposition of the Union Civica—which, on the whole, represents European interests—to the candidature of General Mitre for the Presidency, and to the unfavourable reception of President Pellegrini's proposal to separate the banks from the State, which presumably will depress Argentine securities still further. The elections in the Province of Mendoza have passed off quietly.

The Chilian civil war drags on. The Congress, which the Parliamentary party say is packed by the President, has met; and the Parliamentary troops are reported, on somewhat dubious authority, to be preparing to surround Valparaiso.

A YEAR WITHOUT BISMARCK.

(*Conclusion.*)

"HAD I died while on the throne, veiled in the clouds of my omnipotence, I had remained a riddle for many a one. Now, however, thanks to my misfortune, I may be judged as I am (*à nu*)." These are not words spoken by Bismarck, but by Napoleon at St. Helena, in December of 1815. They are a text to preach from just now, in that both men had one or two methods in common. Napoleon published false bulletins and forbade every editor in France printing anything differing from what appeared in the official gazette. In this way his country heard only of his successes, and was naturally disposed to regard him not merely as the greatest general of his day, but as a creature partaking somewhat of Divine attributes. The Bismarck myth has developed in Germany much in the same way, and it is not too much to say that had Bismarck departed this life ten years ago his country would have mourned not as for a great statesman, but as for a father of his country—a national saviour of more than human proportions. He has been longer in exile than was Napoleon at Elba, and returns to public life in a manner strange to German custom; for we have no record of a deposed Minister of the Crown resuming political activity without being "called" by his Sovereign. And even if there were such a precedent, it could hardly be pleaded by one whose greatness can be measured by his victories over popular safeguards.

The strength of Bismarck in Germany has been, not that he represented a party, a constitutional principle, or even a group of politicians; he has been, and represents to-day, the negation of popular government. He has never hesitated to tell the Reichstag that its deliberations were only by gracious permission of his master the King and Emperor; that if they did not vote as he wished, he would get along quite as well without them. He has never identified himself with the people's representatives. On the contrary, he has preached passive obedience to such an extent that thoughtful Germans commenced to ask whether their so-called constitutional liberties were worth the having? The German Constitution, up to the date of Bismarck's dismissal (March, 1890), was scarcely more than so much paper and ink. The Members of Parliament felt, though they could not say so, that their seats were secured to them not so much by the votes of their constituencies as by the permission of the Imperial Chancellor. The great advance made by Germany in the past twelve months cannot be better appreciated than by noting the freedom that Bismarck himself has enjoyed since becoming an Opposition candidate, as compared with what his position would have been had a second Bismarck occupied the Imperial throne instead of the present Emperor.

Bismarck's twelve months of private life have been devoted to placing embarrassments in the path of Caprivi—in seeking to weaken the personal influence of his Emperor. Let us for a moment assume that such a course had been attempted by one who had been dismissed by Bismarck in his time of power. We shall not draw a fancy picture, but recall only what he has done to patriotic and eminent Germans whose only crime was to vote against his Bills. First of all, he would become the object of constant attention on the part of the secret police. He could see no one, receive no letter, read no newspaper, without the previous knowledge of his Chancellor. His public utterances would have been carefully noted by Government stenographers, and on the first sentence escaping him that might be construed as involving a criticism likely to embarrass the Government he would be arrested, forced to give bail, be tried for a crime against the Government, put to great expense and annoyance, finally perhaps acquitted; then forced to stand another trial on appeal, again submitted

to considerable expense and worry, and finally be acquitted with very light pockets and impaired health. The next time he might dare to vent his feelings against the Government the same programme would be repeated, with interest, until he made up his mind either to remain quiet or leave the country. Should he protest against this treatment by personal appeal to the head of the State, what could the Emperor do but raise his shoulders sympathetically and say: "My dear Bismarck, really you are too exacting. You taught me that I must respect only brute force, and now you object to the application of methods introduced by yourself to meet exactly this case. Good morning!"

Perhaps Bismarck might have chosen to print some of his diary, just to show the world how much it owed him and how ungrateful his Emperor was. Presto! his house would be invaded by a posse of policemen, he would be taken to the nearest lock-up; his wife would be carted off to another; Count Herbert would be placed on bread and water somewhere else; his papers would be all confiscated and carried off to the chief of police for examination; every scrap of paper in his possession would be read through to see if something he had written could not be tortured into an expression of disloyalty. His publisher would, of course, be likewise persecuted. This case would take perhaps longer than the other ones to prepare—perhaps as long as that of Geffcken. And of course no one could complain if Bismarck were treated exactly as well and no better than was that gentleman.

We may assume that the charge of disloyalty against Bismarck would be dismissed, as it was against Geffcken; but three months in prison on top of heavy law charges and serious interference with business and health are not agreeable even when the judge finally does let you go.

Let us now carry our supposition further and assume that the imaginary Bismarck has reached the time when, like Napoleon, he is tired of his Elba and yearning for a Waterloo. He wishes to stand for Parliament. His agent may wish to engage a room in which to meet his constituents; but the host of the inn politely declines to allow his rooms to be used for any such purpose. In amazement the agent asks the reason, for "Is this not a free country?" The innkeeper, however, keeps his counsel; he knows very well that if his house becomes head-quarters for politicians in opposition to the Government his profits as proprietor will decline steadily and surely. He will discover that his beer will be avoided by officers directly or indirectly under Government influence; that the country magnates, the "best society," will shun his sign as that of the "Reichsfeind." No balls will be given there; no reunions; no wedding breakfasts—he may find great difficulty in having his lease or his licence renewed. Who knows? It has happened before!

The agent may find the same difficulty in securing the services of a brass band; in fact, every step in the organisation of his election campaign brings him face to face with Governmental influences which may run counter to his objects.

Perhaps he finally concludes to hold his meeting in the fields. In this case what more easy than for the police in citizens' clothing to discover, after a few sentences have been spoken, that the meeting had better be postponed? All are accordingly ordered to disperse on pain of being promptly locked up.

The Parliamentary candidate, of course, remonstrates against this interference with the rights of every German, and his remonstrances are probably recognised as just. Nay, more, he may receive an expression of deep regret on the part of the Minister in power. It will be explained to him that the police on this occasion showed more than necessary zeal; that they meant well, etc. With this statement the candidate must, of course, rest satisfied. Meanwhile, however, his money and time have been spent for nothing; the half-and-half men of his party have become disgusted with a candidate who bungles his election affairs; precious time is lost, and nothing valuable is accomplished. He dare not abuse the Government for this, or he will be again locked up.

During all this period of election and pre-election agitation we must also understand that the Government have given orders that he is to be socially boycotted. No army or navy officer is to be seen dancing with any of his household; no one who desires the favour of Government can be seen calling at his house. The doors of all people who go to Court, or hope to go there, must be closed in his face. He must be made to feel that the politician who opposes a Government measure is an "outsider," a "cad," an unsafe man, a "suspect," an enemy to his Sovereign!

The Emperor has permitted none of these things to be done against Bismarck, although Bismarck has done all of these things against his political opponents. Government officials have in these days been given to understand that Bismarckianism must cease, even when a Bismarck might be its victim; and by order of his Emperor the late Chancellor has been accorded a freedom of action and expression undreamed of by any Opposition candidate twelve months ago.

His success at the polls has been anything but gratifying to his admirers. It has made clear the fact that his greatness has not been founded in the esteem of his fellow-citizens. His twelve months of retirement, in spite of a constant recourse to newspaper reporters, has called forth no general desire to have him back in political life, least of all at the head of the State. His *successor*, the Emperor, has still further strengthened the people in their satisfaction at having a Bismarckless throne. The present Chancellor has given the country a year of such peace and progress as it had not known under his restless predecessor. The "war scare" died out as soon as Bismarck ceased to write the leaders for his country's press. Parliament became wonderfully loyal so soon as a Prime Minister addressed them in other than threatening language. Socialism commenced to wane as soon as the Government ceased to be impersonated exclusively by the policeman. Germans are at last feeling that the throne is not made odious to them by the presence on it of a Chancellor who represented all the power of an Emperor with none of an Emperor's responsibility. William II. has strengthened Germany against foreign enemies as well as against internal dissension more than is readily apparent. Many reasons can be given for this result; among them his personal honesty, courage, intelligence, heartiness—all these count for much.

But that which weighs most with thinking Germans is, in my opinion, the feeling that their Constitution is, at last, a reality; that their Emperor represents not merely a party, a clique, or a Chancellor, but the whole people. Had Bismarck understood his people as well as he did the Cabinets of other countries, he would have been spared some mortification.

POULTNEY BIGELOW.

THE ONLY HYPNOTIST.

"HE has left for parts unknown." Thus ends the story of Francisco Perez and his adventures in the town of Mier, in Mexico. It is much to be wished that the unknown parts may embrace these islands. Our civilisation is distinctly incomplete without Perez. He has thrown all other hypnotists into the shade by a series of unexampled experiments. The schools of Paris and Nancy may hide their diminished heads. They are poor gropers at the best; but Perez has discovered the secret of supreme domination. His will is irresistible. He sat down to dinner at the chief hotel of Mier, in Mexico, and the waiter gathered up the bottles belonging to the other guests and placed them

before him. He passed a lady in the street, and she was moved to send him a handsome bouquet. An opulent citizen presented him with a watch for no particular reason, and a humble barman begged his acceptance of a revolver. Gentle and simple all combined to do him substantial homage. The achievements of M. Charcot in hypnotism are open to question, and the rival schools are extremely learned in disputatious books. But there is nothing dubious in the performances of Francisco Perez. He hypnotised everybody who came in contact with him, except the members of a committee appointed to warn him that if he did not quit the town he would be summarily lynched. Never since the days of the Pied Piper of Hamelin did any man exercise such magic over his fellow-creatures. It is a little odd, perhaps, that Perez was not able to hypnotise the committee. A man who persuaded ladies to send him bouquets ought not to have quailed before ten gentlemen who brought him the intimation that he would be hanged if he did not at once depart for an unknown destination. If Perez had been an Italian, and if he had made a point of hypnotising the grand jury of New Orleans into finding a true bill against Lawyer Parkerson and his associates, a grave international dispute might have had a happy ending. But Francisco Perez was unfortunately born in New Mexico, and it is to a Mexican community only that he has revealed his extraordinary powers.

It is a common taunt against ecclesiastical miracles that they always happen in places where the scientific habit of mind cannot be expected to prevail. But although Mier, in Mexico, is not famous for the endowment of research, it is idle to deny that Mexicans can appreciate the gifts of a man who attracts to himself all the liquor in a dining-room. This is a portent which even the meanest understanding can grasp in all its bearings. Perez fully understood the responsibility of this exploit, for when a remonstrance was made he turned "ghastly white." The sceptic will probably suggest that a hypnotist who could induce a waiter to fetch him everybody else's wine ought to have been able to hypnotise the rest of the company into the belief that they were perfectly satisfied with their entertainment. It is one of the common forms of hypnotism to persuade the subject that he is enjoying imaginary dainties or costly drinks, and it is a little disappointing that Perez was apparently unable to produce this effect on his companions in the hotel. But the bouquet and the watch were pretty strong tributes to his skill. A good many watches change pockets in the course of business, though the ordinary process is not so gratifying as that which Perez practised on the excellent citizen of Mier, in Mexico. The pupils of Mr. Fagin would be extremely pleased if they could receive the watches of the public as tokens of esteem instead of being forced to slip off with them in a crowd. Then the art of charming bouquets from a lady would be simply priceless to every slave of feminine whim. If, however, Perez will only have the good sense to make his way to this country, he will find a perfect fortune awaiting him. Moreover, to the founder of a hypnotic school of such excellence in London there would be no danger of threats of lynching, nor of charges of being possessed by the devil. Possibly some members of the County Council might feel disposed to institute a solemn inquiry, but the advantages of demoniacal possession ought to be made clear even to them.

Manifestly the conduct of public business would gain enormously from hypnotism of the Perez school. It would certainly be a great advantage to the Speaker and the Chairman of Committees to have a hypnotic control over unruly members of the House of Commons. There must be clergymen, too, who are eager to learn from Perez the secret of holding a congregation, barristers who would like to hypnotise the Bench, and countless persons who would be quite happy if they could exercise a dominant influence over editors. Perhaps Perez might be induced to place his services exclusively at the disposal of a company for controlling the Press by means of hypnotic suggestion. This seems the most promising and decidedly the most comprehensive scheme. But as Perez is a native of New Mexico, and was trained for the priesthood in Rome, it may be hoped that these are not essential conditions for the practice of the accomplishment which was so little appreciated in the town of Mier.

THE MYTHICAL AND THE MIRACULOUS.

DR. ABBOTT'S new book * raises many questions other than those of a literary kind. He attacks Newman on his most vulnerable side, and does not spare him. Perhaps no great writer could ever less bear detailed examination, especially as regards his methods of proof and argument; but what he could least bear he here receives in a superlative degree—a critical analysis so searching as to be almost merciless. The one thing he loved more than authority was the skilful manipulation of authorities, and only those who have gone into the matter in detail can fitly appreciate the marvellous feats he performed. Dr. Abbott has selected one point—his dealing with ecclesiastical miracles; and has subjected it to a criticism which no one will call sympathetic, and all will feel to be severe, yet which no competent student who reads the book through will pronounce altogether unjust or unjustified. On many points there are certain to be differences. Dr. Abbott has not always understood Newman even in such a vital matter as the doctrine of probability. It is not with Newman the merely statistical thing he seems to suppose; it expresses with him a very large and complex idea, and is full of elements it owes both to Locke and Butler. To Locke "probability is likeliness to be true," and Newman, while adopting his notion, denied the doctrine of inference he based upon it. His metaphysic, but not his logic, was that of Locke. Nor has Dr. Abbott, in the application of his criticism to particular miracles, made out so complete a case as he might have done. He does not seem to know Mr. Twisleton's book on the Tongue and the African martyrs, or the wonderful body of evidence touching its excision and what results from it to be found in recent medical literature. On this point the case might have been indefinitely strengthened. He allows himself, too, to use now and then unguarded language, becomes hypercritical, over-subtle, and forgets, in the rigorous minuteness of his analysis, in his hawk-like search after mistakes and sophisms and cunning tricks of translation, to look at the subject as a whole, which was what Newman loved to do. But, taken as a serious impeachment of the historical and critical side of Newman's mind, the book is worthy of careful study. It does not show him to be less a poet, or preacher, or man of religious letters than all confess him to have been, but it does show him to have been without the vigorous veracity which knows no means of serving the truth but by the discovery of the truth. Circumstances made him become what nature never qualified him to be, and the splendour of the work he could do only made the work he could not do, yet attempted, more mischievous in its evil. The sharpness, the plain-speaking, the very critical exaggerations of a book like Dr. Abbott's are needed to shake people into the recognition of what only a chorus of conventional praise could have concealed.

But now the critic and the criticised, with their very dissimilar relation to miracles, suggest several interesting questions. Miracles seem to one man and time the natural material of faith; to another man or age the great obstacle to belief. In one period faith must be disencumbered to live; in a

* Philomythus: an Antidote against Credulity. A Discussion of Cardinal Newman's Essay on Ecclesiastical Miracles. By Edwin A. Abbott. London: Macmillan & Co. 1891.

different it can live only in the form of an extensive and marvellous mythology. Dr. Abbott says, in words which recall a famous sentence of Gibbon, "Faith in an indisputable God must be detached from faith about disputable accidents"; while Newman would have affirmed that what his critic calls "accidents" were of the very essence of the faith in God, and necessary to its continued being. The one thinks of God in the terms of the natural, conceives nature to be so full of the divine that the nearer we get to it and the better we know it the more we have of God; but the other thinks of Him in the terms of the supernatural, imagines that without a special order and special contrivances the knowledge of Him cannot be kept alive in the world. The former mind is not averse to the miraculous, but decidedly so to the mythical; the latter mind is attached to the mythical, rather than the miraculous. These differ thus: in the mythical God and Nature are so related, or blended, that it is hard to tell what is Nature and what God; in the miraculous they are so distinguished that the difficulty is to bring them into relation, to conceive a Nature which is a scene of miracle as altogether penetrated and possessed of God, or to conceive the God who works miracles as also the Author of the Nature whose order He interrupts, or whose laws He breaks. But so conceived, myths and miracles are contraries; in the age of myths there are no miracles, for there is no Nature; in the age of miracles there are no myths, for Nature and God are distinguished, even though not divided. The miracle may be historical, but not the myth; the one must have reality to be at all, but reality were to the other the end of all existence. A mythology represents a past that never was a present, for it is in its root and essence subjective, Nature as read by the childlike mind, and we are all, at one period of our lives, myth-makers, dreamers of the dreams that mix earth and heaven; but a miracle belongs to a given moment and a given place, and whatever its speculative meaning, unless it be definite and demonstrable—that is, real—it can have no claim on belief. Thus the significance of the myth is subjective—lies in man and the history of his mind; but of the miracle objective—concerns the universe and the forces at work within and upon it. A mythology may, by a speculative interpretation, be translated into an intellectual system of the universe, but a miracle implies such a system as already extant, with, as it were, God and Nature so distinguished as to delimit and condition each other.

Now religion, as Newman conceived it, was mythical rather than miraculous, which is but another way of saying that his supernaturalism became fictitious and fell over into what we may term an imaginative naturalism. As Dr. Abbott duly notes and emphasises, the main point for Newman in the argument for ecclesiastical miracles was "their antecedent probability. If that is established, the task is nearly accomplished." No phrase could more happily express the attitude of the mythical mind, *i.e.*, the attitude of the mind to which miracles have by becoming natural ceased to be miraculous. The "antecedent probability" was twofold, the idea of God and the idea of the Church, and these two were blended in Newman's imagination just as were the gods and nature in the imaginations of the men to whom our old mythologies were spontaneous and reasonable forms of speech. The argument to his mind was irresistible, and he descended from his first principles to his facts. God is, and He has worked miracles; whence comes the inevitable inference, what He has done once He will do again; the Church is supernatural in its being, and what is so ought to be supernatural in its action, the greatest of miracles can hardly—when it acts—do ordinary things; the miraculous is the appropriate, indeed necessary, expression of its essential character. Hence the miracle became a necessity to the "antecedent probabilities;" grant them, and it must be; were it not, they would be in danger of being proved false. To believe in the "ecclesiastical miracles" became thus a sort of logical necessity. The situation was too imperious to allow scrupulous jealousy, either as to their evidences or as to their character; what could be found had to be taken and made the best of. Dr. Abbott is here rather unjust to Newman. He speaks of his "theological timidity," and "pusillanimous eagerness to believe what is safe." To us, in this matter he seems marked by nothing so much as theological audacity. He had the courage of his convictions; one has but to study the miracles he defended, and the grounds of his defence, to be forced to confess that Newman here showed himself a man of most heroic build.

There is a line of inquiry which Dr. Abbott has not pursued, what we may call comparative ecclesiastical mythology. Similar events are narrated of saints in many Churches and religions. Buddhism is richer in miracles than Catholicism; one can find more wonderful hermits and more marvellous holy men, and more energetic relics, in Oriental legends than in patristic or mediæval story. Even presbytery is not so utterly sunk in prose as to be without its miraculous mythology. John Craig, Knox's colleague and successor, was saved by a miracle worked through the humble instrumentality of a dog. Guthrie's dry skull dropped blood on the passing carriage of his murderer. Alexander Peden was a prophet, and the day is not too remote for living memory when to have doubted deeds of his, as wonderful as any defended by Newman, would have involved inconvenient consequences for the sceptic. The blind fiddler's tale in "Redgauntlet" is but a chapter from an immense mythology, though its authors were only dour and sour covenanters. Newman, of course, knew that the Arians had their miracles as well as the orthodox, attested by evidence quite as conclusive; but then he was in the happy position of feeling that no evidence could be really conclusive when the magical "antecedent probability" was away. So he rebukes Jortin for hinting that the real cause of disbelief in a given miracle was that it was Arian and not Athanasian: "As if," he says, "a miracle wrought by Athanasius was not more likely than miracles wrought by an Arian, though a missionary!" What is the use of first principles or "antecedent probabilities" if we do not use them to determine what we ought to believe concerning inconvenient matters of fact?

The moral of this discussion is simple; it is this:—In a scientific age nothing is more hostile to belief in the supernatural than the treatment of miracles by the mythological mind. And this moral may be pointed by two sentences from Dr. Abbott's book—"The better the man the more conspicuous the warning to be derived from his errors." "He who is always quoting to us, 'Stand in awe and sin not,' against the 'sin' of rejecting what 'may possibly' be true, and never quotes it against the 'sin' of accepting what is in all probability untrue, is not a safe guide for himself, still less for others."

THE STRANGE CASE OF MR. HURLBERT.

THE verdict of the jury in the recent action of Evelyn *versus* Hurlbert has fully exonerated the defendant from the charge of having deceived a woman under promise of marriage. But it still leaves the question of the identity of Wilfrid Murray, the mysterious person who is alleged by Mr. Hurlbert to have been the real offender, in some degree of doubt. We do not propose to discuss that question here, or to follow our contemporaries in their moral reflections upon the evidence adduced at the trial. Our object is a simpler and more innocent one. It is to point out the extraordinary character of the coincidences upon which Mr. Hurlbert rested his

defence, and the manner in which they scatter to the winds all theories based upon that doctrine of probabilities of which the late Professor de Morgan was the most eminent exponent. Without throwing any kind of reflection upon the verdict of the jury, let us point out some of the remarkable features of Mr. Hurlbert's defence.

That defence rested on the existence of a man who called himself Wilfrid Murray. This person, according to Mr. Hurlbert, had been for many years an assistant or secretary of his, receiving considerable sums of money from him, and constantly associating with him both in his own house and at his clubs. Not a particle of evidence of the existence of any Wilfrid Murray was produced; beyond a couple of letters dated many years back which bore that signature, and the statements of a domestic servant and a club porter that Mr. Hurlbert had received occasional visits from a person who called himself Rollings or Rowlands. The theory of the defence was that this man was identical with the missing Wilfrid Murray, whose whereabouts Mr. Hurlbert declared himself unable to discover. But if the defendant could not produce Murray in court, could not even produce anybody who was able to say he had ever actually known a man of that name, he was able to give a full account of certain characteristics and peculiarities of his, and it is this account which has special interest for all who like to try their wits at unravelling such intricate problems as that which is set forth in the play of the *Lyons Mail* for example. Let us see what sort of person Wilfrid Murray was, and in what manner he resembled Mr. Hurlbert.

I.—Wilfrid Murray, though younger than Mr. Hurlbert, must have had some general resemblance to him in appearance, unless we are to assume that all the witnesses who swore that Mr. Hurlbert was the person who visited the plaintiff perjured themselves. Plaintiff's cook, it will be remembered, spoke to his having a peculiar conformation of the skull which Mr. Hurlbert also has.

II.—The defendant himself asserted that Murray's handwriting was practically identical with his own. There was not a mere similarity such as may frequently exist, but a positive identity; so that a long series of letters written by the one man might be mistaken by any ordinary person for letters written by the other. No one can say that such an identity in the handwriting of two men is absolutely impossible. Yet Mr. de Morgan, if he had been living, would probably have found it difficult to calculate the probabilities against the existence of such identity. Mr. Hurlbert's handwriting (like that of the alleged Wilfrid Murray) is a very peculiar one.

III.—Wilfrid Murray had at least one intellectual characteristic in common with Mr. Hurlbert. All who know the latter are aware of his remarkable powers as a conversationalist. It is no exaggeration to say that he ranks among the half-dozen "best talkers" in London society. The plaintiff in her diary, very soon after she made the acquaintance of Wilfrid Murray, described him as the most delightful talker she had ever known.

IV.—Wilfrid Murray possessed a large quantity of obscene books and photographs. Mr. Hurlbert admits that he also had a collection of such things in his possession, though they had been deposited in his chambers by a friend of his (since dead) without his knowledge, and he could not remember that he had ever examined them.

V.—Wilfrid Murray wrote letters to the plaintiff on paper of the Orleans Club, of which he was not a member, whilst Mr. Hurlbert was. He wrote on Treasury paper, and he used a seal which he had no right to use, although it might legitimately have been used by Mr. Hurlbert. (The explanation of these remarkable coincidences was that Murray must have used the club stationery and seal when he happened to be calling on Mr. Hurlbert. Fully to appreciate the value of this explanation, we ought to know the character of the letters which were thus "dashed off" whilst Murray was waiting for the appearance of his employer.)

VI.—Though Mr. Hurlbert set up an *alibi* with regard to some of his alleged visits to the plaintiff, the evidence in support of which was lightly dismissed by the judge, it was not denied by him that there was a curious approximation of locality between himself and Murray on many occasions. They were, for example, both on the Continent more than once at the same time, though Mr. Hurlbert declared that he was in one town when the plaintiff asserted that Murray was in another.

VII.—The plaintiff swore that Murray had told her that he witnessed the "Jubilee procession" in 1887 from Apsley House. The defendant, to prove that he could not have been Murray, produced Lord Rothschild, who swore that Mr. Hurlbert had been in *his* house on that occasion. The theory of the defence, therefore, was that whilst Murray witnessed a great historical pageant from one particular house in Piccadilly, the man to whom he had so close a resemblance in many matters, witnessed the same pageant not from that house but from the house next door to it. This may seem a small matter, yet, regarded as a coincidence, it is perhaps the most remarkable of all the facts adduced during the trial. The mysterious Murray, who was to involve Mr. Hurlbert in so grave an embarrassment, was, according to his account, on a certain day and hour, in one particular house in London, whilst the unconscious Mr. Hurlbert, on the same day and at the same hour, was as a matter of fact in the next house. Again we should have to appeal to the late Mr. de Morgan to ascertain the mathematical chances against such a strange coincidence.

We have striven to set forth the story of Mr. Wilfrid Murray as related last week before Mr. Justice Cave, with absolute impartiality, and we have purposely refrained from touching upon any of those matters on which there was a difference as to the facts between the plaintiff and the defendant. Our purpose has been to set forth the story as admitted by Mr. Hurlbert himself. It furnishes the materials for as pretty a "mystery" as was ever set out by a Gaboriau or a Wilkie Collins. We have no wish to express any opinion on the merits of the case. Our simple object has been to show how transcendently real life may surpass fiction in that kind of interest which depends upon a well-constructed plot, and how ridiculous it is to suppose that any coincidences are too rare to be impossible. Nay, we think we have shown that a combination of coincidences, against the existence of which the probabilities must have been as millions to one, may still occur and be duly established upon evidence in a court of law. The case of the *Lyons Mail*, to which we have already referred, was simplicity itself as compared with the case of Mr. Wilfrid Murray and Mr. William Henry Hurlbert. Happily for all parties, there has been no such tragical termination of this judicial drama as there was in that of Lesurques, and Mr. Hurlbert is entitled to congratulate himself upon the measure of success which has attended the most remarkable defence ever set forth in a court of justice. Before we conclude, we have only to mention an additional incident in connection with Mr. Hurlbert which was not brought to light during the recent trial, but for the absolute truthfulness of which we are prepared to vouch. Some three weeks ago a gentleman was riding along Fleet Street in an omnibus, when the vehicle stopped and another passenger entered. "Hullo!" said the gentleman to himself, "here is Hurlbert." He knew Mr. Hurlbert quite well; had stayed with him in country houses, had frequently met him at dinner, and had more than once had long conversations with him on business matters. When, accordingly, the new-comer seated himself opposite to him in the omnibus, he naturally held out his hand and said, "How are you, Mr. Hurlbert?" The person addressed stared him straight in the

face, and slowly shook his head. "No, sir," he said; "you are mistaken. I am an American." The gentleman heard these words with amazement. He could have sworn to the identity of the person before him with Mr. Hurlbert, *if it had not been for the voice*. The new-comer, like Mr. Hurlbert himself, was an American, but he spoke with an American accent far stronger than that which distinguishes the speech of Mr. Hurlbert. It follows then that Mr. Hurlbert, like so many other men, has a "double" in outward appearance, and that this double was in London only a few weeks ago. But was he Wilfrid Murray? If he was, we must add to the other coincidences we have mentioned, one which has hitherto only been insisted on by the plaintiff—absolute identity in appearance as well as in handwriting between the two men. Shade of Augustus de Morgan, to what abyss of figures setting forth the doctrine of chances in this supreme mystery wilt thou lead us!

SPORTING ENGLISH.

THERE is something to be said about the language of the sporting reporter. As the racing season has just opened, this is a good time to say it. I have formed an opinion about the sporting reporter which is not unfavourable to him. I take him to be an earnest man, of immense and varied reading, who is under the misfortune of never being able to display his reading properly. He struggles with his misfortune, but he never gets the best of the struggle. This, as it seems to me, is because he sets himself the impossible task of writing about horse-racing—his only theme—in terms of fourteen or twenty other and quite different arts. He never gives in (I like him for this), and he goes on gamely mixing his metaphors, lavishing inappropriate poetry, philosophy, science, and the fine arts, in his determination never to say the same thing twice in the same words, and always to describe a race as if it were not a race. He is unwearied in his search after strange and unsuitable comparisons.

Sometimes he will go down into the kitchen for a simile, and then the favourite for a race is "served up a hot dish." Anon he turns to the concert-room, and a well-trained horse is "tuned up to concert pitch." The theatre serves him occasionally; and "the curtain was rung up with" the Bless-my-Soul Stakes, means that the Bless-my-Soul Stakes was the first race on the card. Thinking of the dance he attended in Eaton Square or the New Cut the night before, the Bless-my-Soul Stakes "opens the ball." Fresh from the study of some work on naval or military science, the Bless-my-Soul Stakes is "the first shot fired," or "the commencement of hostilities."

This way or that way he will go up and down untiringly to find the wrong words in which to describe the right thing. The first and the last article of his literary code is that nothing must ever be called by its current name, or described in its proper terms. Thus, a horse may be anything or everything under the sun except a horse. It may be a piano, as when it is "tuned to concert pitch;" or an egg, as when it is "the pick of the basket;" or a cherry, as when it is "the best of the bunch;" or a colonel of a regiment, as when it "takes the command;" or a ship, as when it "holds out signals of distress," "hauls down the flag," "sails past the post;" or a Bisley Volunteer, as when it "fails to hit the mark;" or a candidate for Parliament, as when it "never seems of the same mind two days running."

A horse that is temporarily incapacitated for work is "laid on the shelf." One that misbehaves in a race is said to have "made a bad hole in his manners." A trial gallop is a "dress rehearsal." The principal race is invariably the "*pièce de résistance*." No jockey ever rides a horse; he "steers" or "pilots" it. A horse getting the better of another in a race "carries too many guns for" its opponent. A whole field of horses sometimes "goes all to pieces."

This is not a nice style; but what are men to do whose minds are storehouses of learning, and who have only the Bless-my-Soul Stakes (run every day of the year from January to December) whereon to display their learning? Rightly considered, the situation of the sporting journalist, with his treasures of knowledge collected "from every scene of the creation and every walk of art," and the quotidian Bless-my-Soul Stakes as the sole outlet for discovering them, is one of the most tragical in modern journalism. He is, I feel sure, a clever and earnest man; but (if I may paraphrase Hall) the Bless-my-Soul Stakes are so piled upon his head that his brains cannot move under them.

There is much latent poetry in him, seeking harmonious expression, and on no occasion finding it. I look for his "preliminary remarks" on the weather or the natural surroundings of the course. My favourite "Special Commissioner," visiting a training-ground at Epsom the other day, noted, without a word of surprise, the curious sensation of "a powerful tinge of cold chill in the air." A few days earlier, the fitness of the course for galloping, after a sprinkling of rain, moved him to a sentence of eleven lines, in which "the flexible elasticity of the tender sward bore eloquent testimony to the marvellously refreshing effects of Nature's shower-bath." Forecasting the "racing eventualities of the season now within a stone's-throw of being embarked upon," he concluded that they would "not constitute an unmitigated bed of roses" for the sporting journalist. Another of my pet reporters, whose hand I love to trace in the columns of a well-known racing daily, penned this a few weeks ago, in anticipation of the Lincolnshire meeting:—"On Carholme the racing river, full of enthusiasm and hopes to be fulfilled or, in too many instances, blighted, soon will burst from its dam, inasmuch as Monday will see us fairly launched, the great bulk of the Turf world going with the stream until the 'winter sea of calm' has been reached on a dark November evening."

Darker still is the language of the gentlemen who describe prize fights and boxing matches. To the uninitiated, indeed, the reports of a prize fight are wholly cabalistic. What is it, I have often asked myself, that a prize fighter really does when he bangs his left on the mark, lands with the right on the conk, counters on the victual-trap, pays his respects to the darby, or gets home a smasher in the bread-basket?

These and other things may be said about the language of the sporting reporter.

T. H.

A RAMBLER IN LONDON.

XXXVIII.—Piccadilly Circus.

IF I had an enemy who lived in the provinces I think that I should persuade him to come to London. I should then ask him if he would not like to see the picture of the Lions and the Christians; being my enemy, I think he would like it. In this way I should get him to Piccadilly Circus; I should tell him to make haste across, and just leave the omnibuses, cabs, and private carriages to do the rest. For although the pace of the traffic in the Circus is of necessity moderate, that traffic comes so continuously, so unexpectedly, and from so many different directions, that it might be trusted to cause fatal bewilderment in a stranger who was in a hurry and whose intellect was not strong. From familiarity with Piccadilly Circus one gets to love it, not for its beauty—it is not beautiful—but for the roar of it and the glare of it—the rumble of many omnibuses, the light rattle of the hansoms, the prolonged creak of some aged four-

wheeler; the tremulous glow of the gas-lit transparency, the yellow lamps, the fierce whiteness of the electric light. One loves it for its vast idea—the idea of all those different people, going to all those different places for all those different reasons. One loves it for the constancy of the types that one sees there—the discreetly dissipated and the indiscreetly dissipated, the 'bus-driver who is playful and the 'bus-driver who is merely abusive, the young man of Piccadilly who spends his afternoon in resembling as nearly as possible the other young men of Piccadilly, the woman who drops things and dare not cross under any circumstances, and the boy who sells matches and succeeds in crossing under impossible circumstances. Of the last I saw an instance just now. I saw the boy start and then a raging sea of traffic swallowed him up. He was run over by a white Putney 'bus and a red Hammersmith 'bus in succession; he walked through three private carriages and was then knocked down by a hansom, and before he could get up a blue Favourite 'bus simply danced on him. I have recorded these things as facts, because I saw when the boy started that they must inevitably happen. Yet two or three seconds afterwards he emerged, smiling and asking me to buy a "lawge box o' wex metches." And there are other types: there is the gay undergraduate who has just left the music-hall performance, over which he has been so critical and which he has enjoyed so much; not yet satiated with dissipation, he passes on to supper at the restaurant of Leicester Square; he will grow, but you must not tell him so. And here to-night, as every night, is the painted, showy crowd, and—

> "Some things which are not yet enrolled
> In market-lists are bought and sold,
> Even till the early Sunday light."

Piccadilly Circus is as inevitable as the measles; nearly everybody experiences it at some time of his life. It seems to lie in the direct line from any part of the globe to any other part of the globe. One man explained his presence there to me by saying that he was going to Oxford Street; another accounted for it by telling me that he was on his way to Jamaica. If I were a detective and wanted to put my hand on some particular criminal, without knowing in the least where he was, I should go to Piccadilly Circus, sit down, and wait; sooner or later the criminal would be certain to come past, because everybody comes past. I believe that it would be as quick, as cheap, and as effective as some of the methods which are actually adopted. Piccadilly Circus has tentacles, drawing most of London into it. One reaches to the luxury and artistic life of the West, and one to the sordid squalor which still disgraces the back of the Strand, or to the legal authorities of Lincoln's Inn Fields. One goes North to the dull respectability of Oxford Street, and spreads itself into the region of many doctors; and one goes South to Club-land and Pall Mall. It is not so much the attraction of the place itself; it is that it seems almost impossible to go anywhere without taking Piccadilly Circus on the way.

It is here that one gets, perhaps, the best opportunity of watching the way of a man, or of a woman, with an omnibus, especially when it is a case of the last omnibus, and of more passengers than accommodation. There is the enthusiastic but ignorant young man, who rushes wildly up the steps, and is met half-way by the people coming down; he retires in confusion, and generally knocks his hat off. Then there is the wily young man, who will not wait with the rest of the crowd on the pavement, but catches the 'bus when it is half-way across the Circus and forestalls them. And there is the woman who is neither enthusiastic nor wily. She simply looks aggrieved, and she never fails. It is better to walk than to be badly looked at by an aggrieved woman. It may be inconvenient, but you feel happier. You do not make concessions to her because you love her; as a matter of fact, you hate her; but it is better to do anything than to feel like an insult and a mistake. She will sit next to a young man who is smoking on the top of a 'bus, and cough until he throws away a cigar for which he may have paid as much as threepence at the corner shop before starting. Fortunately she does not happen often.

THE DRAMA.

WHEN Apollo served among the shepherds of Admetus, he probably did his shepherding with a more ostentatious parade of pastoral technicalities than his companions, and would have died rather than let himself be suspected for a pretty performer on the lyre. Mr. J. M. Barrie is a man of letters, in whose first essay in stage-work one seems to detect a nervous dread of being taken for anything more than a mere playwright. I can fancy him saying to himself or to his collaborator, Mr. Marriott Watson—"Whatever shortcomings our *Richard Savage* may have, let them not be the shortcomings of the man of letters. I have heard all about the peculiar risks which await the man of letters in the playhouse. There is the danger of his being too literary, too long-winded in his dialogue, too prone to substitute narrative for action. Whatever we do, let us avoid all that. Don't let us have the English imitators of old Sarcey chucking their master's eternal '*ça n'est pas du théâtre*' at our heads. Don't let us be told that, with all our literary airs and graces, we are ignorant of the practical requirements of the stage. No; let us show the playwrights that we are up to all the tricks of their own game. Let our play have all the good old 'practical' virtues: action, intrigue, 'situations,' surprises, 'curtains.' Then they will not be able to scoff at you or me as another of the literary men who have come to grief through lack of practical knowledge of the stage, of that terrible bugbear the '*science des planches*.'" And so Mr. Barrie, in his fear of being reproached for a man of letters, has shown himself more ingenious in stage-artifice than the stage-artificers—'*plus Arabe que l'Arabie*'—and has given us enough plot in his play to furnish forth a dozen romantic dramas. There is a bloody kerchief in it, which is to identify a villain, and, if that fails, there is a wounded shoulder, and, if that, a mysterious Spanish oath. Then there is a kidnapping in it, there is a gentleman who brandishes a dagger behind a curtain, there is a duel to the death behind the scenes, and a suicide behind a screen. After this (I can hear Mr. Barrie chuckling to himself) let no one say that your man of letters cannot write a play with an exciting plot.

I cannot help wishing, however, that Mr. Barrie had not made this concession to the big baby element in the public, which is always asking for a story. When I wrote the other week that "the great public is a great nuisance," it was of this element I was thinking; and now that it has succeeded in frightening a writer of Mr. Barrie's exquisite talent into compliance with its coarse demands, I regard it as a greater nuisance than ever.

Fortunately, the play is not all plot. It is enlivened by many delightful passages of light comedy, many humorous quips and cranks of dialogue, and there is at least one bit of character-painting—I refer to the sketch of Steele—which is both dramatically effective and historically true. In the other personages historic truth was scarcely to be expected. Who shall say what is the truth about the characters of Savage and Lady Macclesfield? Certainly it is not to be found in the highly coloured monograph of Savage's friend Johnson. And even if it were, it could not be transferred to the stage, where the spectacle of a son cajoling, bullying, and blackmailing a mother devoid of all motherly affection would not be tolerated. Small blame, then, to Messrs. Barrie and Watson that they have not only humanised the mother, but idealised

the son into one of those magnanimous *enfants naturels* dear to the Romanticists of the 'Forties. Indeed, the final scene of Savage's death by his own hand is quite in the fearless old fashion of the author of *Antony*. Another quality Messrs. Barrie and Watson share with Dumas is a certain magnificent disregard for dates. But, if they have not been too meticulous about little trifles of chronology, *en revanche* they had taken almost excessive pains about the correctness of their scenic background at the Criterion. As a matter of fact, both their inaccuracy and their accuracy passed unheeded. Nobody was offended because they had antedated Johnson's LL.D. by many years, or gratified because the scene of their third act was copied from the still-existing rooms of the Kit-Cat Club at Barn Elms. They were not well served by all of their actors; but Miss Louise Moodie was effective, as she always is, in the part of Lady Macclesfield; Mr. Bernard Partridge was, if not exactly good, very far from bad, as Savage; and Mr. Cyril Maude's Steele was a thoroughly well-considered performance. On the whole, the authors of *Richard Savage* may be congratulated on a promising start in play-writing. Only, the next time Apollo goes a-shepherding for Admetus I trust he will let us have less of his dexterity with the crook and more of his mastery of the lyre.

Through the enterprise of two American—or perhaps, as they are by no means strangers to English audiences, I should say Anglo-American—actresses, Miss Elizabeth Robins and Miss Marion Lea, *Hedda Gabler*, the latest, and not the least noteworthy, of Ibsen's plays, has this week been seen on the London stage. The play was so fully discussed on its recent publication in book form that very little in the way of criticism need be said about it now. A writer in the current *Quarterly* considers it an exhibition of "realism in its most extravagant and possibly its most shameless form." Such epithets as "shameless" and "extravagant" are part of the stock vocabulary of the old judicial school of criticism; but they have absolutely no meaning to those of us who think that literary criticism is not some dominie-business of assigning good and bad marks, but the art of enjoying masterpieces. *Hedda Gabler* is a masterpiece of piquant subtlety, delicate observation, and tragic intensity, and I take leave to enjoy it. Its heroine may be, as our judicial critic asserts, "a monstrous specimen of unfettered womanhood;" but I can only ask "What then—so long as she is interesting?" She is a very complex, very modern, very morbid type; and if you ask me whether she is to be praised or blamed, I put aside your question as a pure irrelevance—she is to be watched with interest. Here is a woman who, out of the mere desire to escape from the boredom of Philistine surroundings—a Scandinavian Eustacia Vyse all forlorn upon an Egdon Heath of moral monotony—wrecks another woman's happiness, drives a man to disgrace and death, and finally puts a bullet in her own brain. All this, because she had thought to import some colour and excitement into a world all too wan and dull by "moulding a human destiny." There is the type—"*à prendre ou à laisser*." Ibsen has simply drawn it to interest you, not to point any moral whatsoever. The play is a bit of sheer "impressionism."

Miss Elizabeth Robins, who made so marked a success in the comparatively small part of Mrs. Linden, now shows herself in Hedda to be an intellectual actress of the first rank. Hers is a real interpretation, one of those cases—not so common as it is the fashion to pretend—in which the player throws new light upon the author's meaning. Miss Robins's comrades at the Vaudeville—Miss Marion Lea, Mr. Charles Sugden, Mr. Scott Buist, Mr. Arthur Elwood—were all good in their several ways. It was, on the whole, quite the most artistic performance of Ibsen we have yet had in London.

A. B. W.

THE WEEK.

"No living German writer has asserted an influence comparable to that of HEINE; and it is not less true, that since GOETHE, no author has penetrated so generally through every class of society." That was written thirty-six years ago by MR. C. G. LELAND in the preface to his translation of the "Reisebilder." MR. LELAND'S appreciation of HEINE has deepened with the years, and now takes the practical form of a complete translation of his works. The first volume will contain "Florentine Nights," "Schnabelewopski," and "The Rabbi of Bacharach."

IF we grant that thought proceeds from the grey matter of the brain, where shall we find the organ that secretes humour? There must be some gland, or some unexplored corner within the *pia mater*, from which this, the most special of mental products, flows. Wasn't it GOETHE who discovered the intermaxillary bone in man? In the same way, some poet turned anatomist will perhaps find out some day whence comes humour; and we shall be—as wise as we were before. It is likely to remain the most inexplicable endowment of man's mind. The great GOETHE had every gift except it; the small STERNE had nothing else. SHAKESPEARE is great alike in his humorous and non-humorous work; HEINE is apt to be inferior where his humour does not flow.

OF the three works of HEINE'S contained in MR. LELAND'S forthcoming volume, the most characteristic is "Schnabelewopski." Here HEINE is himself in all his moods, and his sympathy flows free and wide. In "Florentine Nights" one may find him saying, "They take a mouthful of monosyllables, chew them, crush them, and spit them out again—and they call that speaking," *apropos* of Englishmen talking English. But in "Schnabelewopski" we get such things as this: "At Frankfort I once saw a clock that did not believe in a clockmaker. It was made of pinchbeck, and kept time wretchedly." The atheist to whom this was said resorted to a duel.

THE mention of GOETHE'S name in connection with science reminds us that an unknown essay of his on the comparative anatomy of the skulls of animals, supposed to have been written in 1794, has just been discovered by PROFESSOR BARDELEBEN of Jever.

A STILL more important piece of literary treasure-trove is announced from Geneva. PROFESSOR BERTRAND has discovered in the Geneva Public Library an original draft of ROUSSEAU'S "Contrat Social," written eight years before the publication of the book as we know it. PROFESSOR BERTRAND declares that the MS. is invaluable as an aid in tracing the development of ROUSSEAU'S political ideas.

ALTHOUGH it is true that a poet can write poetry only in his mother tongue—as TOURGÉNIEFF said, no one can have a style in two languages—yet MR. SWINBURNE has succeeded in producing splendid verses in French, Greek, and Latin, and his sonnet in the *Athenæum* on THÉODORE DE BANVILLE is proof that he can still rhyme admirably in the first of these languages. French critics may detect its foreign flavour, but they long ago admitted that MR. SWINBURNE'S French verse possesses "une entente étonnante, chez un étranger, de la sonorité poétique de la langue Française."

IN MR. LAKE'S pleasant little book on DISRAELI, he instances a number of mispronunciations of his

name, such as "Disraely," "Disrealy," "Disrarly," and "Disraly." These variants have this in common, that they seem to be the result of the praiseworthy Cockney desire to economise time; but in some parts of the west of Scotland, where *speech* has to be economised, if the day is to be filled in, they used to call "Dizzy" "Disrayelleye," dwelling for several seconds on each syllable. The most curious transformation the name ever underwent was in Perthshire, where an "Auld Licht" elder—there are a few "Auld Lichts" left still, in other places than Thrums—used to talk of "Benjamin Drysdale." No expostulation had any effect. "I call him Drysdale because his name's Drysdale. An' it's a guid Scotch name tae, mair's the peety."

THE desire of the age, it is said, is for fiction that can be carried in the pocket. It is not a desire that remains unsatisfied. Scotland provides the charming volumes of MR. DAVID DOUGLAS, his latest offering being MISS MARY WILKINS'S delightful stories. France comes with its beautiful "Petite Bibliothèque-Charpentier," a collection comprising works which can be placed in the pockets of all, "même entre les poches des jeunes filles"; and England produces shilling and sixpenny volumes by the thousand—nay, for threepence you can now carry in your vest-pocket, and read in accidental leisure, DICKENS'S "Haunted Man"; or if you are more seriously inclined, CARLYLE'S "Heroes and Hero-Worship," or HELPS'S "Friends in Council," three new additions to "Cassell's National Library."

NO woman could write a sweeter verse than this, the dedicatory stanza of DOLLY RADFORD'S "Light Load" (ELKIN MATHEWS):—

> "The love within my heart for thee,
> Before the world was had its birth;
> It is the part God gives to me
> Of the great wisdom of the earth."

Two other volumes of verse are published this week—"Pictures in Rhyme" (LONGMANS), by A. C. KENNEDY, illustrated by MAURICE GREIFFENHAGEN, and "Sonnets and other Poems" (SCOTT), by ISABELLA J. SOUTHERN.

MR. GEORGE MEREDITH'S "One of Our Conquerors" (CHAPMAN), MAXWELL GRAY'S "In the Heart of the Storm" (KEGAN PAUL), and "An Old Maid's Love" (BENTLEY), a Dutch tale by MAARTEN MAARTENS, are the three-volume novels of the week. MESSRS. WARD, LOCK, & CO. issue in one volume a revised and enlarged edition of MR. OSCAR WILDE'S "Picture of Dorian Gray." Besides the popular edition, there is an *édition de luxe* of this work, foolscap quarto, printed on VAN GELDER hand-made paper. MESSRS. A. D. INNES & CO., formerly WALTER SMITH & INNES, have published in a very pretty uniform binding three one-volume stories—"Pen," by the author of "The Cat"; "Dagmar," by HELEN SHIPTON; and "A Houseful of Girls," by SARAH TYTLER.

MR. BRADLAUGH, we learn from the preface to "Labour and Law" (FORDER), was busily engaged on that work when he was seized with his fatal illness, and it was among the subjects which oftenest occupied his mind till he became unconscious. In addition to the chapters he left, he had contemplated three on "Eight Hours in Mines," "Friendly Societies," and "Emigration and Immigration." For these have been substituted three papers on "Labour Disputes," "Socialism in Europe," and "A Starved Government Department." The last paper, as readers will surmise, is on the Board of Trade.

SIXTY miles from any collection of books worthy to be named a library, with no neighbours, clerical or otherwise, who could offer intellectual sympathy, the REV. J. C. ATKINSON made friends with the birds and the beasts in the hardly awake hours of the morning as well as in the stiller shades of evening, with the scenery, with the atmospheric changes—with all the objects that he saw in his daily walks of duty or relaxation. The volume, "Forty Years in a Moorland Parish" (MACMILLAN), into which he has gathered his observations and speculations, is likely to be warmly welcomed.

IT is said that many of the dailies, and some of the weeklies, keep in type obituary notices of the older among the eminent men of the day. MR. JOSEPH JACOBS, while he has nothing to say against those who prepare these antedated obituaries, cannot himself anticipate the Great Destroyer. His *éloges* on GEORGE ELIOT, MATTHEW ARNOLD, BROWNING, and NEWMAN (NUTT) were in every case written within the two or three days that elapsed between the death of their subjects and their appearance in the ensuing issue of the *Athenæum*, and yet they are more than mere *tours de force*.

FROM MESSRS. PERCIVAL & CO. we have MR. GEORGE SAINTSBURY'S "Essays on French Novelists," a companion volume to his "Essays in English Literature;" and "A Short History of Greek Philosophy," by DR. MARSHALL, of the Royal High School, Edinburgh.

WE have only two biographies to note this week, CANON SCOTT-HOLLAND'S "Memoir of Madame Jenny Lind-Goldschmidt" (MURRAY), and "Cardinal Beaton: Priest and Politician" (BLACKWOOD), by JOHN HERKLESS, the minister of Tannadice.

THE *Publishers' Circular* quotes from the *Dumfries Weekly Magazine* of 1773 an interesting decision in the Scottish Courts regarding copyright. There were thirteen judges on the bench, and, with one exception, they gave their opinion against perpetual property in books, claimed by publishers in the name of authors. BOSWELL was one of the counsel on the winning side. It was in the autumn of 1773 that JOHNSON made his tour in the Hebrides.

THERE are some very curious specimens of the provincial journalese of last century in the report of this case in the *Dumfries Magazine*. For example: "They even claimed the property in anonymous authors, and in particular obtained an injunction against printing the 'Whole Duty of Man,' *the sex of which author* was even to this day unknown."

ON the last Sunday of April, MR. T. P. O'CONNOR'S new paper, *The Sunday Sun*, will make its *début*. According to report, its orbit is to be eccentric, like the *Star's*.

THE May number of the *Century* contains the first part of MR. FRANK STOCKTON'S new story, "The Squirrel Inn," with illustrations by MR. A. B. FROST; and the first of two descriptive articles entitled "At the Court of the Czar," by MR. DALLAS.

THAT capital little story of Nihilism, "Mademoiselle Ixe," by LANOE FALCONER, the first volume of the Pseudonym Series, has, we believe, reached its tenth thousand. MR. FISHER UNWIN has a new volume of short stories for the same series by the same author, which may be looked for at an early date. The next Pseudonym volume will be "Amaryllis," by ΓΕΩΡΓΙΟΣ ΔΡΟΙΝΗΣ; said to be a translation from the modern Greek by a clever writer in Athens.

the son into one of those magnanimous *enfants naturels* dear to the Romanticists of the 'Forties. Indeed, the final scene of Savage's death by his own hand is quite in the fearless old fashion of the author of *Antony*. Another quality Messrs. Barrie and Watson share with Dumas is a certain magnificent disregard for dates. But, if they have not been too meticulous about little trifles of chronology, *en revanche* they had taken almost excessive pains about the correctness of their scenic background at the Criterion. As a matter of fact, both their inaccuracy and their accuracy passed unheeded. Nobody was offended because they had antedated Johnson's LL.D. by many years, or gratified because the scene of their third act was copied from the still-existing rooms of the Kit-Cat Club at Barn Elms. They were not well served by all of their actors: but Miss Louise Moodie was effective, as she always is, in the part of Lady Macclesfield; Mr. Bernard Partridge was, if not exactly good, very far from bad, as Savage; and Mr. Cyril Maude's Steele was a thoroughly well-considered performance. On the whole, the authors of *Richard Savage* may be congratulated on a promising start in play-writing. Only, the next time Apollo goes a-shepherding for Admetus I trust he will let us have less of his dexterity with the crook and more of his mastery of the lyre.

Through the enterprise of two American—or perhaps, as they are by no means strangers to English audiences, I should say Anglo-American—actresses, Miss Elizabeth Robins and Miss Marion Lea, *Hedda Gabler*, the latest, and not the least noteworthy, of Ibsen's plays, has this week been seen on the London stage. The play was so fully discussed on its recent publication in book form that very little in the way of criticism need be said about it now. A writer in the current *Quarterly* considers it an exhibition of "realism in its most extravagant and possibly its most shameless form." Such epithets as "shameless" and "extravagant" are part of the stock vocabulary of the old judicial school of criticism; but they have absolutely no meaning to those of us who think that literary criticism is not some dominie-business of assigning good and bad marks, but the art of enjoying masterpieces. *Hedda Gabler* is a masterpiece of piquant subtlety, delicate observation, and tragic intensity, and I take leave to enjoy it. Its heroine may be, as our judicial critic asserts, "a monstrous specimen of unfettered womanhood;" but I can only ask "What then—so long as she is interesting?" She is a very complex, very modern, very morbid type; and if you ask me whether she is to be praised or blamed, I put aside your question as a pure irrelevance—she is to be watched with interest. Here is a woman who, out of the mere desire to escape from the boredom of Philistine surroundings—a Scandinavian Eustacia Vyse all forlorn upon an Egdon Heath of moral monotony—wrecks another woman's happiness, drives a man to disgrace and death, and finally puts a bullet in her own brain. All this, because she had thought to import some colour and excitement into a world all too wan and dull by "moulding a human destiny." There is the type—"*à prendre ou à laisser*." Ibsen has simply drawn it to interest you, not to point any moral whatsoever. The play is a bit of sheer "impressionism."

Miss Elizabeth Robins, who made so marked a success in the comparatively small part of Mrs. Linden, now shows herself in Hedda to be an intellectual actress of the first rank. Hers is a real interpretation, one of those cases—not so common as it is the fashion to pretend—in which the player throws new light upon the author's meaning. Miss Robins's comrades at the Vaudeville—Miss Marion Lea, Mr. Charles Sugden, Mr. Scott Buist, Mr. Arthur Elwood—were all good in their several ways. It was, on the whole, quite the most artistic performance of Ibsen we have yet had in London.

A. B. W.

THE WEEK.

"No living German writer has asserted an influence comparable to that of HEINE; and it is not less true, that since GOETHE, no author has penetrated so generally through every class of society." That was written thirty-six years ago by MR. C. G. LELAND in the preface to his translation of the "Reisebilder." MR. LELAND'S appreciation of HEINE has deepened with the years, and now takes the practical form of a complete translation of his works. The first volume will contain "Florentine Nights," "Schnabelewopski," and "The Rabbi of Bacharach."

IF we grant that thought proceeds from the grey matter of the brain, where shall we find the organ that secretes humour? There must be some gland, or some unexplored corner within the *pia mater*, from which this, the most special of mental products, flows. Wasn't it GOETHE who discovered the intermaxillary bone in man? In the same way, some poet turned anatomist will perhaps find out some day whence comes humour; and we shall be—as wise as we were before. It is likely to remain the most inexplicable endowment of man's mind. The great GOETHE had every gift except it; the small STERNE had nothing else. SHAKESPEARE is great alike in his humorous and non-humorous work; HEINE is apt to be inferior where his humour does not flow.

OF the three works of HEINE'S contained in MR. LELAND'S forthcoming volume, the most characteristic is "Schnabelewopski." Here HEINE is himself in all his moods, and his sympathy flows free and wide. In "Florentine Nights" one may find him saying, "They take a mouthful of monosyllables, chew them, crush them, and spit them out again—and they call that speaking," *apropos* of Englishmen talking English. But in "Schnabelewopski" we get such things as this: "At Frankfort I once saw a clock that did not believe in a clockmaker. It was made of pinchbeck, and kept time wretchedly." The atheist to whom this was said resorted to a duel.

THE mention of GOETHE'S name in connection with science reminds us that an unknown essay of his on the comparative anatomy of the skulls of animals, supposed to have been written in 1794, has just been discovered by PROFESSOR BARDELEBEN of Jever.

A STILL more important piece of literary treasure-trove is announced from Geneva. PROFESSOR BERTRAND has discovered in the Geneva Public Library an original draft of ROUSSEAU'S "Contrat Social," written eight years before the publication of the book as we know it. PROFESSOR BERTRAND declares that the MS. is invaluable as an aid in tracing the development of ROUSSEAU'S political ideas.

ALTHOUGH it is true that a poet can write poetry only in his mother tongue—as TOURGÉNIEFF said, no one can have a style in two languages—yet MR. SWINBURNE has succeeded in producing splendid verses in French, Greek, and Latin, and his sonnet in the *Athenæum* on THÉODORE DE BANVILLE is proof that he can still rhyme admirably in the first of these languages. French critics may detect its foreign flavour, but they long ago admitted that MR. SWINBURNE'S French verse possesses "une entente étonnante, chez un étranger, de la sonorité poétique de la langue Française."

IN MR. LAKE'S pleasant little book on DISRAELI, he instances a number of mispronunciations of his

name, such as "Disraely," "Disrealy," "Disrarly," and "Disraly." These variants have this in common, that they seem to be the result of the praiseworthy Cockney desire to economise time; but in some parts of the west of Scotland, where *speech* has to be economised, if the day is to be filled in, they used to call "Dizzy" "Disrayelleye," dwelling for several seconds on each syllable. The most curious transformation the name ever underwent was in Perthshire, where an "Auld Licht" elder—there are a few "Auld Lichts" left still, in other places than Thrums—used to talk of "Benjamin Drysdale." No expostulation had any effect. "I call him Drysdale because his name's Drysdale. An' it's a guid Scotch name tae, mair's the peety."

THE desire of the age, it is said, is for fiction that can be carried in the pocket. It is not a desire that remains unsatisfied. Scotland provides the charming volumes of MR. DAVID DOUGLAS, his latest offering being MISS MARY WILKINS'S delightful stories. France comes with its beautiful "Petite Bibliothèque-Charpentier," a collection comprising works which can be placed in the pockets of all, "même entre les poches des jeunes filles"; and England produces shilling and sixpenny volumes by the thousand—nay, for threepence you can now carry in your vest-pocket, and read in accidental leisure, DICKENS'S "Haunted Man"; or if you are more seriously inclined, CARLYLE'S "Heroes and Hero-Worship," or HELPS'S "Friends in Council," three new additions to "Cassell's National Library."

NO woman could write a sweeter verse than this, the dedicatory stanza of DOLLY RADFORD'S "Light Load" (ELKIN MATHEWS):—

> "The love within my heart for thee,
> Before the world was had its birth;
> It is the part God gives to me
> Of the great wisdom of the earth."

Two other volumes of verse are published this week—"Pictures in Rhyme" (LONGMANS), by A. C. KENNEDY, illustrated by MAURICE GREIFFENHAGEN, and "Sonnets and other Poems" (SCOTT), by ISABELLA J. SOUTHERN.

MR. GEORGE MEREDITH'S "One of Our Conquerors" (CHAPMAN), MAXWELL GRAY'S "In the Heart of the Storm" (KEGAN PAUL), and "An Old Maid's Love" (BENTLEY), a Dutch tale by MAARTEN MAARTENS, are the three-volume novels of the week. MESSRS. WARD, LOCK, & CO. issue in one volume a revised and enlarged edition of MR. OSCAR WILDE'S "Picture of Dorian Gray." Besides the popular edition, there is an *édition de luxe* of this work, foolscap quarto, printed on VAN GELDER hand-made paper. MESSRS. A. D. INNES & CO., formerly WALTER SMITH & INNES, have published in a very pretty uniform binding three one-volume stories—"Pen," by the author of "The Cat"; "Dagmar," by HELEN SHIPTON; and "A Houseful of Girls," by SARAH TYTLER.

MR. BRADLAUGH, we learn from the preface to "Labour and Law" (FORDER), was busily engaged on that work when he was seized with his fatal illness, and it was among the subjects which oftenest occupied his mind till he became unconscious. In addition to the chapters he left, he had contemplated three on "Eight Hours in Mines," "Friendly Societies," and "Emigration and Immigration." For these have been substituted three papers on "Labour Disputes," "Socialism in Europe," and "A Starved Government Department." The last paper, as readers will surmise, is on the Board of Trade.

SIXTY miles from any collection of books worthy to be named a library, with no neighbours, clerical or otherwise, who could offer intellectual sympathy, the REV. J. C. ATKINSON made friends with the birds and the beasts in the hardly awake hours of the morning as well as in the stiller shades of evening, with the scenery, with the atmospheric changes—with all the objects that he saw in his daily walks of duty or relaxation. The volume, "Forty Years in a Moorland Parish" (MACMILLAN), into which he has gathered his observations and speculations, is likely to be warmly welcomed.

IT is said that many of the dailies, and some of the weeklies, keep in type obituary notices of the older among the eminent men of the day. MR. JOSEPH JACOBS, while he has nothing to say against those who prepare these antedated obituaries, cannot himself anticipate the Great Destroyer. His *éloges* on GEORGE ELIOT, MATTHEW ARNOLD, BROWNING, and NEWMAN (NUTT) were in every case written within the two or three days that elapsed between the death of their subjects and their appearance in the ensuing issue of the *Athenæum*, and yet they are more than mere *tours de force*.

FROM MESSRS. PERCIVAL & CO. we have MR. GEORGE SAINTSBURY'S "Essays on French Novelists," a companion volume to his "Essays in English Literature;" and "A Short History of Greek Philosophy," by DR. MARSHALL, of the Royal High School, Edinburgh.

WE have only two biographies to note this week, CANON SCOTT-HOLLAND'S "Memoir of Madame Jenny Lind-Goldschmidt" (MURRAY), and "Cardinal Beaton: Priest and Politician" (BLACKWOOD), by JOHN HERKLESS, the minister of Tannadice.

THE *Publishers' Circular* quotes from the *Dumfries Weekly Magazine* of 1773 an interesting decision in the Scottish Courts regarding copyright. There were thirteen judges on the bench, and, with one exception, they gave their opinion against perpetual property in books, claimed by publishers in the name of authors. BOSWELL was one of the counsel on the winning side. It was in the autumn of 1773 that JOHNSON made his tour in the Hebrides.

THERE are some very curious specimens of the provincial journalese of last century in the report of this case in the *Dumfries Magazine*. For example: "They even claimed the property in anonymous authors, and in particular obtained an injunction against printing the 'Whole Duty of Man,' *the sex of which author* was even to this day unknown."

ON the last Sunday of April, MR. T. P. O'CONNOR'S new paper, *The Sunday Sun*, will make its *début*. According to report, its orbit is to be eccentric, like the *Star's*.

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By the way, Lanoe Falconer has sent a cheque for £10 to the editor of *Free Russia* for the funds of the Society of Friends of Russian Freedom. In an interesting note accompanying the gift, the author of "Mademoiselle Ixe" says that the cheque was the first she received for her book, which was itself in part the outcome of "deep sympathy with the oppressed in Russia."

A narrow-gauge railway is to be constructed from Lauterbrunnen to Visp, passing by a tunnel nearly three miles long under the Lauterbrunnen-Breithorn into the Lötsch-thal, and so down to the Rhone Valley and Visp. The gauge will probably be one metre, and the gradients will occasionally require the cog-wheel arrangement with which visitors to the Rigi are familiar. The line, which will be about thirty-five miles long, will mostly pass through a district little visited by tourists, and cannot do much harm to the scenery except indirectly, as it is estimated that 20,000 passengers each way annually will be required in order to pay a fair dividend on its capital of fifteen million francs. A railway of less abnormal kind *viâ* Frutigen (on the way from Thun to Kandersteg), which will require a much longer tunnel, is also under consideration.

A literary prophet has arisen across the Atlantic. Mr. Mayo W. Hazeltine predicts the deposition of the young unmarried girl from her place as the central figure in English fiction, and the instalment in her stead, as in France, of *la femme de trente ans*. The new novel will take life as it is, more particularly the life of people in society. The Americans are asking who in their country is to write the new novel? The men who could write it are not "in society," and those who see most of society cannot write. Mr. Hazeltine's answer is prompt: "The women themselves must do the work—have, in fact, begun to do it." What change is about to take place in the American social order? There the young girl is the central figure in life. All men adore her; her father and brothers labour for her, and her lover submits without a murmur to all her caprices. When she marries she sinks into insignificance. How will the new novel be able to take American life as it is if the married woman is to be its central figure? Has Mr. Hazeltine a social revolution up his sleeve?

The Americans are having a great laugh at their own expense. For forty years the citizens of Massachusetts—legislators, historians, and the general public alike—have basked in the smile of a marble bust which they believed to be that of the Hon. Samuel Adams. It now turns out that the bust is an effigy of Washington, and not eccentric in any way, but similar in features to two well-known busts of the first President. A commission of inquiry has solemnly recommended "that the name of Samuel Adams be removed from the pedestal, and the name of Washington be inscribed in its place."

The editor of the *Critic* received recently from a remote Western correspondent, whose initials are E. E. B., the following letter:—"Dear Editor,—A number of your paper has fallen into my hands, and I have taken the libery (*sic*) to send you an item of news. Mrs. ——, of this city, has just been elected to 'The Incorporated Society of Authors' of London, England. You remember Lord Tennyson is pre., and Walter Besant sec. She is a contributor to nearly all leading magazines in the United States and England—is only twenty years of age. . . . She has travelled extensively abroad, and is accounted the brightest woman correspondent of her age (20) in the United States. She has a novel in the hands of Lippincott, of Philadelphia. She is tall and slender as a reed, deep purple eyes, and golden hair, and her face bears the double beauty of intelligence far above the common order, coupled with perfect features and teeth of a most delicate purity. All Colorado is heralding her success. Will you kindly send me a copy of the paper containing her notice." No comment could add to the effect of this.

April has, we find, been fertile in great men. The Earl of Strafford, after Cromwell the most notable Englishman of his time; Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood; the philosophers Hobbes, Reid, and Hume; Wordsworth, the most original of English poets; and Fielding, our first great novelist, were all born in April, besides many men not so distinguished, such as Ford the dramatist, Stillingfleet, the Earl of Halifax, Hazlitt, Canning, Galt, and G. H. Lewes.

This, the 25th of April, is St. Mark's Eve. In the North of England it is still believed that, if a person watch from seven o'clock on St. Mark's Eve till one in the morning, he will see the apparitions of all those who are to be buried in the churchyard during the ensuing year. Keats began a poem with this superstition for *motif*, but it is not in his best manner. A much more important association for Englishmen with the 25th of April is the fact that it was Oliver Cromwell's birthday. Shakespeare was born in April, too. The greatest English ruler and the greatest English writer both saw the light in the month of Venus. We wonder what modern astrology thinks of the matter?

Madame Tzebrikova is reported to be in exile in a town in northern Russia, and kept under the strictest surveillance. "None of the letters which have been addressed to her have been received." She is suffering from cancer, they say; but has been refused permission to go to St. Petersburg or Moscow for an operation. Her life is considered to be in danger, and "her position is most grievous in every respect." It seems not improbable that she will be the next martyr to the cause of Russian freedom.

Apropos, the Society of Friends of Russian Freedom, which finds no lack of moral support in England, speaks of "one great disappointment." Subscriptions are backward. Up to the present time, says Mr. R. S. Watson in the current number of *Free Russia*, "the actual number of subscribers of half-a-sovereign and upwards from twelve good meetings out of London is four." On the other hand, the Society itself is steadily ramifying. The lectures of Volkhovsky and others in various parts of England have had one practical result in the formation of branch societies, which are diffusing a wide interest in the work, and increasing the power of usefulness of the parent Society.

POOR MR. ANON.

YESTERDAY my friend Mr. Anon produced a play, and this morning I got all the daily papers to see what they said of it. They agreed that it was about the worst thing ever put on the London stage, and, though I was sorry for poor Anon, I felt that I should like to see how he took his castigation. So I put the papers in my pocket, and set off to call on him. I found the poor wretch smoking a cigar which was constantly going out.

"Seen the papers?" I asked pleasantly.

"You are the sixth man who has brought them to me since I breakfasted," he answered. "You are all giving yourselves a great deal of unnecessary trouble."

"No trouble at all," I assured him; and then there was a pause.

"Well?" I said.

Poor Anon tried to light his cigar again. It was difficult to know what consolation to give him, but I did my best.

"I think it very plucky of you," I said, "to take it so calmly. I am sure if I had been slated in that way I should never have been able to hold up my head again. Let me light your cigar for you, Anon; your hand seems a little shaky this morning."

"The piece is slated with a vengeance, is it not?" he said, with a hoarse laugh.

"I cannot remember any play's getting such a slating," I had to answer. "You saw what the *Daily News* said about pathos and bathos. Severe certainly, but uncommonly clever. Finlayson and I were much amused at the *Daily Telegraph* on your ideas of comedy; indeed, I think Finlayson is putting the cutting into his scrap-book. How did you feel after you read the *Standard*? After all, the *Standard* really let you off more lightly than the *Morning Post*. If you did not see the *Post*, I have it with me."

"I have seen them all," poor Anon replied, spilling a boxful of vestas. Just then we heard a boy shouting the evening papers.

"I'll go out and bring them in," I said.

"Don't trouble yourself," he answered. I insisted that it was no trouble, and ran out for the papers. I gave him two of them, and read aloud tit-bits from the others.

"Well, what does the *Pall Mall* say?" I asked, as I saw him crumple up the paper.

"It says," he answered, looking out at the window, "that my comedy is almost endurable as a relief to my ridiculous 'serious interest.'"

"Rather neat that. But the *Pall Mall* notices are always pointed. I say, you will find the *Pall Mall* criticism almost endurable after this in the *Evening News*. Is the *Globe* as severe?"

"It says I had no right to invite the critics to such a polyglot."

"That is the *St. James's* view too. But look here, Anon, the *St. James's* says the acting was at least tolerable. Ah, and the *Star* critic says he saw a worse piece in the year '82."

"Well," said Anon, "I know the worst now."

"I question that," I said, clapping him on the back. "We have not seen the weekly papers yet, and they are sure to be down on you for those historical inaccuracies. You saw that in the *Sportsman* about turning history upside down? Finlayson thought it very cutting."

Poor Anon tried to swagger, but he was pale in the face, and I felt sorry for him, though I always knew he could not write a play.

"I cannot remember another case," I said, "nor can Finlayson, in which the Ibsenite critics and the Anti-Ibsenites were so entirely at one. I should not wonder, Anon, though your play has done some good after all."

"In what way?"

"Well, it shows the Ibsenites and Anti-Ibsenites that they do have points in common. People were beginning to think that the one set of critics praised everything conventional, and the other set everything unconventional, but all are agreed as to your piece. I believe you have cleared the air."

"I am glad my play has proved of service if only in that way," Anon answered, but with a bitterness that I thought foolish. I was doing everything I could to cheer him, but he did not even say "Thank you."

"And I am not at all sure, old fellow," I continued, after casting about for some soothing remark, "that this wholesale condemnation is not better for you than half-hearted praise. Had any good been found in the play some manager might have put it into his evening bill, and it would have been distressing to you to see him losing money on it. Then you might have been tempted to go on writing plays, and so have wasted your time, as well as put your friends in an awkward position. Really you should be thankful that the critics are so unanimous."

"Do you agree with their verdict?" he asked me bluntly, and I did not know what to say, or where to look. A man should not ask such questions of persons who wish him well but are nevertheless truthful.

"I did not think the *Times* had any right to treat you as a malefactor," I said awkwardly; "for, after all, it is not a criminal offence to write a bad play."

"You thought it very bad?"

"I came away, you know, at the end of the second act."

"And you saw nothing good in either of these first acts?"

"Well, I thought the way the door in Act II. swung back and forwards was funny."

"Old fellow," said Anon, seizing my hand suddenly, "I wish I was married."

"Why?"

"Because my wife would insist it was a splendid piece, and say that the criticism was spite."

"But would you really believe her?"

"No; but it would be pleasant to hear her say it."

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

RURAL SELF-GOVERNMENT.

SIR,—The article on the "Enfranchisement of the Village" in your issue of the 18th of April calls attention to the most urgent of English political questions.

In addition to government of the people by the people for the people we want government *near* the people. Everything that can be done should be done in the smallest areas of local government.

Those who live in the country live in a bewildering confusion of areas. They live in the township or parish, in the Sanitary Authority, and in the Poor Law Union; in the Highway Board District, and in the Petty Sessional Division; in the County Council Electoral Division, in the Parliamentary Division, and in the county. Not infrequently there are other areas to be added to these. The methods of appointing the various authorities are almost as various as the authorities themselves. The result of all this is that people are doubtful as to what areas they do live in; they do not know the times, places, or methods of the elections, and failing to understand, they neglect to perform the duties that devolve upon them as citizens.

If self-government is to work well, it must be by the active co-operation of the governed. To secure this it is necessary to simplify and consolidate the areas, to reduce the number, and improve the methods of elections.

For convenience, the form of government must be representative. The qualification of electors for all purposes should be uniform. That qualification may be taken as the head of a household. By the head of a household is meant the man who has a home of his own, whether it be one room or a mansion. But one vote only, and that for the place of residence. No householder should be disqualified because of recent removal. Logically, householders who are women should have votes. All voters should be competent to fill offices to which they are competent to elect others. In all cases votes should be given by ballot.

Three elections would suffice: one for the District Council, one for the County Council, and one for Parliament. Too many elections weary the electors, and loss of interest in elections is fatal to the good conduct of representative government.

Intermediary areas—such as Highway Board Districts and Poor Law Unions—are a difficulty in local government reform. But these might be formed by delegates from the District Councils or County Councils, or combinations of delegates from both.

The first question is, What should be the area of the District Council? It should be big enough to have the administration of the sanitary powers now given to urban and rural authorities, and a man should be able to walk from any part to and from the place of meeting. Where possible, it should consist of a single township, or groups of townships, but in case of necessity townships might be divided.

The next question is, What powers should be given to District Councils? They should have the powers of Local Sanitary Authorities; the management of their local roads, and their main roads under the control of the County Council; a share in the care of the poor; that share of popular control necessary over primary education; the control of technical education when the funds are supplied by a rate on their own

area; the management of free libraries; power to compulsorily acquire land for the purpose of making allotments or dwellings for the poor; power to provide or purchase water, gas, or similar undertakings; control of the licences; and lastly, absolute responsibility for keeping the register of the electors.

The County Councils should have full and sole control of the police. They should have a share in the questions relating to the poor, especially in workhouses and asylums. The County Councils should have the supervision of main roads for which they pay, and of secondary and technical education when the funds pass through their hands. The fixing of boundaries inside the county should be in the hands of the County Council. The County Council might be a Court of Appeal for the District Councils within the county, and it might have power to enforce the due execution of sanitary, or educational, or other laws in case of neglect by the District Councils. Highway Boards might be constituted where required by delegates from the District Councils.

Boards of Guardians might be formed by delegates from the District Councils and also from the County Council. To these Boards could be given the management of the asylums as well as the workhouses. The areas of the unions should be in one county only, and the poor-rate should be levied over the whole county. The poor-rate should be strictly administered as regards able-bodied adults; children and the infirm should be treated as far as possible outside the workhouses; and inside the workhouses there should be greater separation of classes.

Regarding the further relief of the poor within the area of each District Council, some such scheme as follows might work:—Each District Council might be the nucleus of a District Provident Society. A competent man might be appointed as administrator; those interested or connected with the poor might be called upon to help; some funds would be obtained from voluntary contributions, and a rate on the district (distinct from the poor-rate for the county) could be levied subject to the approval of the County Council.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

Altrincham, April 20th, 1891. T. W. Killick.

FREE EXCHANGE.—THE LAW OF VALUE AND THE UNEARNED INCREMENT.

Sir,—I read with much interest your review, in The Speaker of the 18th inst., of a recently-published work, on these subjects, by Sir Louis Mallet.

I was especially struck with the author's statement—which I believe to be strictly accurate—that "Unearned Increment belongs to all purchasable things," as a remarkable concession to the claims of the advocates of State or Collective Socialism.

The State Socialists, I think, belong to the school of political economists—of whom I believe Karl Marx to be one—who assert that a transaction of exchange necessarily involves to one, or to some, a loss equivalent to the gain which it confers upon another, or upon others.

If they were to substitute the phrase, "Commercial and trading transactions, as at present conducted and established," for that of "A transaction of exchange," I do not think that the assertion could then be successfully disputed.

The great defect—as it appears to me—in the late Professor Jevons' attempt to explain the connection and relationship between exchangeable and utility values is attributable to the identical cause as that to which the error of ascribing inutility to a transaction of exchange (which presumably consists in each of the two parties thereto giving to the other the less useful in return for the more useful) is due.

This defect I believe to consist in ignoring the fact—which is, I think, susceptible of positive demonstration—that commercial and trading transactions as at present conducted are neither the operations of exchange nor governed by the principles thereof. This, indeed, is a proposition which the affirmation that unearned increment attaches to every purchasable thing would appear to necessarily involve.

By what standard is utility value to be measured and determined? The estimate of the relative utility of things by one who, in order to obtain any of them, has to purchase them at the cost of equivalent utility value, rendered in his own labour, is likely to present a very great contrast to the estimate of another to whom the labour-cost is a matter of perfect indifference.

I am not aware that any of the recognised authorities on Political Economy have as yet given a satisfactory answer to this question.

I certainly hold the opinion that to tax a rental income at a higher rate than an income of respectively equal amount derived, say, for example, from an investment in the National Funds, would be manifestly unfair. And I also believe that such a course, as well as that of the purchase of all the existing tenures of land by the State, would be highly impolitic.

But, on the other hand, I entertain the conviction that the present inadequately restricted rights and privileges that pertain to the holdership of the soil, constitute, in this country, the fundamental source and cause of unearned increment generally.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Richard W. Perkins.

Selsley, near Stroud, Gloucestershire, 21st April, 1891.

THE POET AT THE FLORIST'S.

I.

THOSE daffodils?—
I used to see them growing
In a lone field, well-sheltered, long ago,
When I was still at school, and proud of knowing
Of that rich spot the others didn't know.
I trudged to get them, came back tired and muddy,
Snipt the stem ends, then stood them on a shelf
In a green vase to glorify my study;
And so got envied till I loved myself.

And I read Herrick, trying to be higher,
More cultured, more in touch with my dear flowers;
I do not think that I was ever nigher
To perfect priggishness than in those hours.
Yet in my failure to do problems faster,
In the house-matches that absorbed my soul,
And in my scorn for one particular master,
I was as others were, upon the whole.

II.

Those daffodils?
And in a garden border
I saw them once, where laughing children played.
One with her long hair in a grand disorder
Stopped at gold blooms, and choice sedately made.
She took two double ones—I like them single—
Yet never flowers were happier or more fair
Than those two daffodils she chose to mingle
With the sweet darkness of her tumbled hair.

The garden's gone now: it's a brace of villas
Whither from city toils their owners ride;
They smoke their fragrant average Manillas
In the verandah and the eventide.
The garden's gone: its daffodils no longer
Die slowly on the childish hair or breast,
Nor roses bloom where threepenny weeds smell stronger;
The child's a woman, and God knows the rest.

III.

Those daffodils—they are fresh-picked, you tell me;
You've not arranged them yet; nor, I suppose,
Need they the wire and skill you tried to sell me
In yonder button-hole, the stained white rose.
Have you no conscience in this bloom-strewn bower,
You ruthless makers of big button-holes?
And—ere you take your wire to stab a flower—
Can't you reflect that even you have souls?

Fourpence the bunch? Ah, yes, we come to fourpence;
We come to commerce and the price of things;
And he shall have more beauty who has more pence;
It's justice only, but the kind that stings.
I write advertisements; my terms for verse are—
What? You don't advertise? Then I decamp.
I take that bunch; the treasures of my purse are
Just that—two pence, two ha'pence, and one stamp.

Barry Pain.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

The Speaker Office,
Friday, April 24th, 1891.

LET us consider the appearance of the common pen. I have been looking at my own, and confess that it appals me—a mean, malefic weapon, without strength or calibre to strike a man to the heart and kill him outright, but designed rather to scratch and prick and instil poison. I protest that it is the ugliest, basest instrument in the world, and admire the ancients who refused to discriminate in speech between it and the assassin's dagger. Later ages feathered it and diverted attention from what Americans call the "business end" by calling it a pen; but even so it looked like a poisoned arrow. There is a picture of one on the cover of Mr. Buchanan's new book, and across it runs this legend—"The Coming Terror."

It is not a natural weapon for a man who means to speak and show kindness to his fellows. To begin with, it is so abominably tactless. Set me down with my enemy; give me a pipe of tobacco; and it is odds that within half an hour we come to terms, or at least to respect each other. An inflection of the voice, a softening of the lines about the mouth, an honest humanity in the eyes, will smooth out hatred and cleanse the talk of spitefulness. But a man with a pen tries only to be smart; he strikes cruelly and unfairly because he cannot see how his blows fall; and this is the reason, I suppose, why two-thirds of all that is written from day to day is bad in breeding and savage in temper, and why men of letters speak of each other in language which the bargee would reserve for moments of extraordinary irritation.

The bearing of a doctor towards his rival is decorous, urbane, brotherly almost. Two advocates hotly fighting a case will preserve, by easy consent, the dignity of their common profession. The kindly comradeship of actors is well known. Clergymen will take one another's duties. But the "literary man" is a savage while engaged in his work. "The Republic of Letters" is meiosis for rank anarchy; and its members appear to have no regard at all but for themselves and certain dead men.

Curiously enough, it is the older men who exhibit most truculence, and render respect for age so very difficult. Conversely, finding their old age unhonoured they become yet more truculent, assailing new ideas with every kind of misrepresentation. Consider, for example, the recent treatment of Ibsen's plays. Certain young men found something in these plays to admire—not to worship. I suppose there is not a single young man of letters in this country who really prostrates his intellect before Ibsen. The "worship" was first suggested in such phrases as "the Ibsen craze," "Ibsenity," "Ibsenism," all invented by Ibsen's enemies; and only received the faintest colour of probability from the energetic rejoinders that all this detraction called forth. But what, in any case, can be more deplorable than the temper displayed in *Punch*, week by week, and the sneers at Ibsen which it publishes in and out of season? This paper has hitherto appealed to mankind by its humour, and its humour has been of the sanest, kindliest sort—the humour of Leech and Keene. But in these attacks on Ibsen there is neither humour, sanity, nor kindliness, nor anything, indeed, but bad blood: and those who have admired *Punch* from their youth up, and have laughed over M. du Maurier's perfectly good-humoured ridicule of the defunct "æsthetic movement," can only feel sorry that, under an editor who is also a playwright, *Punch* should contain mere abuse of another playwright. Surely we might easily have been spared these attacks, even if the editor's delicacy of feeling had not forbidden them.

When a paper so catholic in spirit as *Punch* comes to be written for the aged by the aged, it is time to draw attention to the petulance of our older men of letters. There is Mr. Robert Buchanan, for instance. "Frankly," he cries, "I do not know what the Modern Young Man is coming to!" Then why, in the name of reason, does he go on to contend that the Modern Young Man is coming to perdition? "The faith which is life, and the life which is reverence and enthusiasm" have been denied, he asserts, to the youth of this generation. "The sun has gone out above him, and the earth is arid dust beneath him. He has scarcely heard of Bohemia, he is utterly incredulous of Arden, and he is aware with all his eyes, not of Mimi or of Rosalind, but of Sidonie Risler and Emma Bovary," etc. etc.

Now in the first place I would draw attention to the narrowness of Mr. Buchanan's view. The only young man who seems to come within his ken is that one in a thousand or two who writes for his living. As a matter of fact, of course, the modern young man is learning to cure disease, to preach the Scriptures, to sell food and clothing; is building bridges, experimenting with chemicals, exploring and colonising and inventing; is behaving very much as his father did before him. In the mass he is about as incredulous of Arden as his father was, and doesn't know who in the world Emma Bovary may be. But when he *does* follow after literature—a rare case—I fancy, judging from the occasions on which I have met him, that he shares with Mr. Buchanan the honour of admiring *As You Like It*, and possesses the further advantage (denied apparently to Mr. Buchanan) of admiring "Madame Bovary" too. I cannot see, for my part, that to love Shakespeare thoroughly you must loathe Flaubert. And yet, reading Mr. Buchanan's essay with care, I am forced to conclude that he bases his invective on some such assumption as this. This, for instance, is what he says of Mr. Henry James:—"For him and his, great literature has really no existence. He is secretly indifferent about all the gods, dead and living. He takes us into his confidence, welcomes us into his study, and we find that the faces on the walls are those, not of a Pantheon, but of the comic newspaper and the circulating library. . . . These, then, are the glorious discoveries of the young man's omniscience—George Eliot, Alphonse Daudet, Flaubert, Du Maurier, Mr. Punch, and the author of 'Treasure Island.'"

Was there ever a more curious assumption? Because Mr. Henry James has chosen to write a book of essays about certain authors and books, he is "*secretly* indifferent" about other authors and books. Because he knows Daudet personally—and for this or other reasons feels himself able to tell the world something about Daudet—Dante and Milton have "really no existence" for him!

Now as a young man I should like to ask these vehement elders a question—What do you think to effect by all this? You are for ever talking of the big men of old, of Shakespeare, Milton, Dickens, Thackeray. Do you want us to pretend to be Shakespeares and Thackerays when, as a matter of fact, we are nothing of the kind? Or to pretend to see and think things that Shakespeare and Thackeray saw and thought, when in truth we cannot? We will even grant that the biggest man nowadays may be the man who most nearly approaches those dead masters: still, would it be short of lying for us to dissimulate our probably inferior and certainly different perceptions?

Again, you reprove us for what you are pleased to call the "pseudo-scientific" character of our attempts in fiction and the arts. Well, assuredly it is wrong to be pseudo-anything, pseudo-scientific no less than pseudo-classical. But will you seriously contend that we have no business to be influenced in our work by the additions which this last half-century has made to man's knowledge, or the curiosity which this new knowledge has stimulated? Is it mere wanton folly for an artist to belong to his own age? To take an instance, is a work of art to be condemned out of hand if it show any acquaintance with recent discoveries in the matter of heredity?

Lastly, would it not be better if we used our pens about each other less freely and tried to emulate the decency of other professions? Φ.

REVIEWS.

FREEMAN'S HISTORY OF SICILY.

THE HISTORY OF SICILY, FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES. By Edward A. Freeman, M.A., Hon. D.C.L., Regius Professor of Modern History [in Oxford]. Vol. I., The Native Nations: the Phœnician and Greek Settlements. Vol. II., From the Beginning of Greek Settlement to the Beginning of Athenian Intervention. With Maps. London: Henry Frowde (Clarendon Press). 1891.

IN these two stately volumes Mr. Freeman gives us the first instalment of a full and elaborate history of the great Mediterranean island from the days of the Cyclops Polyphemus, to those of Frederick the Wonder of the World. How full and elaborate it is may be gathered from this—that these two volumes, each of 550 pages, carry the narrative down only to the year 433 B.C., just before the great Athenian expedition against Syracuse. If the history of that expedition, of the rule of Dionysius and the coming of Timoleon, of the fortunes of Sicily during the great strife between Rome and Carthage, of the government of the Province by the Romans (on which the prosecution of Verres throws so much light), of the days of the Vandals and the re-conquest by Belisarius, of the dealings of the Roman Church with its Sicilian tenants in the time of Pope Gregory the Great, of Saracenic and Byzantine and Norman wars from the ninth to the thirteenth century, are all to be handled with equal copiousness, five additional volumes will scarcely contain the mass of matter which is in store for us. No equally comprehensive and continuous account of Sicilian affairs has ever been attempted by any other writer, and this fact would probably be Mr. Freeman's answer were we to remind him that the number of readers of a book tends to vary inversely with the square of its bulk.

Hardly any among the distinguished writers of our time has so strongly marked an individuality as Mr. Freeman. He is *semper sui similis*, like himself and unlike others, even those whom he has influenced. This book has all his characteristics. It is a marvellously thorough piece of work, in which nothing has been left uninvestigated or unsaid which can throw any light upon the matters dealt with. He seems to have visited and noted the physical features of every historic site in the island. He has consulted not only all the ancient authorities, but a great host of modern geographers and archæologists. He never shirks a difficulty, and never leaves us in doubt as to his own conclusion. His interest in the story he is telling, his sympathy with the actors who pass across the stage, does not flag for a moment. He passes by no moral, whether political or ethical, that can be drawn from an incident. He discusses and dwells on the endless historical analogies Sicilian history presents with the men and events of other times and countries—analogies which we admire for their ingenuity and the learning they reveal, even when they sometimes strike us as over-fanciful. We could wish that he were more compressed and less allusive; but, after all, an eminent man must be allowed to do things in his own way: and when we find so much industry and learning, so much freshness and force, it is best to be thankful for what is given us, and to rejoice that we have historians who, while they possess a practical political sense which the Germans cannot match, are fully the equals of the best German in all the distinctive merits of German scholarship.

Mr. Freeman begins by a chapter on the main features of Sicilian history as conditioned by the local position of Sicily in the Mediterranean between Italy, Greece, and Africa. He then gives a topographical account of the island, very interesting and even in places picturesque. We are a little surprised, however, that he has not called more attention to the geology of Sicily as being the foundation of its physical characteristics. In his remarks on the volcanic phenomena, for instance, he might have remarked that the old notion of the connection between Etna, the volcanoes of the Lipari group, and the volcanic regions of Campania, has been not only verified but explained by modern science, which conceives of volcanic action as taking place along lines of fissure in the earth's crust. So in the discussion as to the meaning of the name "Æolian Isles," and the localisation of the weather-wise and wind-controlling Æolus of the Odyssey, he might well have noted the fact that the clouds of volcanic smoke and steam which hang round the cones of Stromboli and Vulcano are valuable weather-signs because they are indications of the direction and force of the wind in the middle regions of the atmosphere. Mr. Freeman is so interested in this part of his subject, and grasps so eagerly at analogies to the phenomena of the extinct volcanoes of Auvergne, that we could wish he had visited other volcanic regions—island regions, moreover—whence many illustrations bearing on Sicily may be drawn, such as Iceland, the Canary Islands, Hawaii. After this come chapters on the three races whom the Greeks found already occupying the island of Sicily—the Elymians, Sicans, and Sicels; then another on the Phœnician settlements on the coast; and thereafter that which may be called the historical, as distinguished from the geographical and ethnological part of the book, begins with an account of the founding of the various Greek colonies, Naxos, Syracuse, Leontini, Megara, and the rest. Several appendices discuss sundry dark points with much minuteness of learning; and these complete Volume I. Volume II. contains a consecutive narrative, pieced together from a multitude of scattered sources, of the progress of the Greek cities, and especially of Syracuse, and of the first great struggle between the Greeks and Carthage in the days of Gelon, carrying the story down to the Peloponnesian War, when Sicily was for the first time drawn into what may be called the mid-stream of Hellenic politics.

For detailed criticism of such a book there is no place in a short notice. But the subject itself suggests some reflections, arising out of the Introductory Chapter, in which Mr. Freeman descants on the peculiar position, which (in a somewhat novel use of the word) he calls the "œcumenical" position of Sicily.

The history of Sicily is not the history of a nation, for there never was a Sicilian nation—never even a nation which had half as much title to call itself Sicilian as the Celtic majority of the inhabitants of Ireland now have to call themselves the Irish nation. Neither is it the history of a State, for there never was a Sicilian State—that is to say, an organised power which held Sicily as its sole or even as its chief possession. Several times this seemed on the eve of happening, but it never did happen. The history of Sicily is the history of a certain definite portion of the world's area which has passed from one language to another, from one State-power to another, in a certain sense, even from one race to another, but in such wise that no one language, or State-power, or race, ever prevailed throughout the island without prevailing also over other and usually far wider lands. It is this absence of any national life which gives its special and peculiar interest to the annals of Sicily. And this peculiarity, as Mr. Freeman has forcibly pointed out, is due to the situation of the island, a large, fertile, and therefore tempting, island, in the very centre of the Mediterranean, accessible to all comers, and naturally a prize to be fought for by the races and Powers that held rule to the east and north and south.

The Phœnicians were the first of what may be called the World-Folks of antiquity to seize on favourable points upon its coast, finding the isle already peopled by Italic or Iberian races. Then came the Greeks, who spread faster, and more easily brought the natives under the influence of their

civilisation. When Carthage becomes a great Power, she makes repeated efforts to conquer the whole isle and crush the Greeks; and though she is frequently repulsed, the tremendous strife of the Semitic and Hellenic races does not close until Rome overpowers Carthage and adds Sicily to her Italian dominions. Ten centuries and a half later the same phenomenon is again seen. The Semitic masters of Africa, again dominant at sea, capture Sicily, and hold it for more than two hundred years, till, after the short-lived success of a Byzantine warrior, they are finally expelled by chiefs of a race stronger even than the Roman—the children of the Scandinavian North. And in both these cases (though far more strikingly in the later than in the earlier) there is a strife of religions as well as of races—an episode in that great strife between the religions of Europe and Asia which is not yet concluded, though the result has long since ceased to be doubtful.

Mr. Freeman lays due stress on the position of Sicily between the northern and southern coasts of that great inland sea which is the centre of history down till the sixteenth century, when the opening-up of lands beyond the Western Ocean began to affect the currents of commerce, of conquest, and of political thought. He dwells less fully upon the remarkable fact that Sicily divides the eastern from the western basin of the Mediterranean, the former of which is so infinitely more important in ancient history than the latter. Sicily, which lay in the middle of the civilised world, if we regard only Africa, Italy, and Greece, also may be said to have lain on the outer verge of civilisation, because it was not till a comparatively late time that the Western Seas—the Tyrrhenian Sea and that which parts Liguria and Gaul from Roman Africa (the lands which we now call Tunis and Algeria)—became the theatre of great events. In this respect how instructive is the contrast between Sardinia and Sicily! The two isles are of nearly the same size, Sicily being slightly the larger. The former is little inferior in soil and climate, nor less well provided with harbours. But Sardinia has never been of the slightest significance in history—has never even given, like her sister-isle of Corsica, a single great man to the world—has remained in all ages of little more consequence in the Mediterranean than Man in the British seas, or the Azores in the Atlantic.

Even in Italian history Sardinia has done nothing but supply for a time a name to a kingdom the mainland part of which had no name of its own, as Sicily, by a like odd chance, became part of a dominion called the Two Sicilies. How different might the history of the ancient world have been if the Ionians of Asia Minor had carried out the plan, proposed to them by Bias of Priene, of migrating to Sardinia, to escape the impending lordship of the Mede, and of there establishing a group of great Hellenic communities between the coasts, of Tyrrhenians and Ligurians and Iberians and Gauls! Such a group of cities would hardly have become, any more than did the Greek cities of Sicily, a conquering Power like Carthage or Rome; but it might, had it succeeded in resisting the hostility of the Tyrrhenians, have become a most potent factor in the progress of the races of Gaul and Spain, races which obtained their civilisation at a later date and from less capable teachers.

There is much in Mr. Freeman's second volume on which we would gladly dwell. His account of Gelon's rule at Syracuse — and in this part of Sicilian history Gelon is the central figure — is done with great spirit, and opens up several interesting questions regarding the nature of the power exercised by the earlier Greek tyrants. It seems probable that this great man, who is often called not τύραννος but βασιλεύς, did not destroy or suspend the free institutions of Syracuse, but (like Cosimo the Elder at Florence) reigned partly over and above the constitution, partly through the constitution. But these are matters too large to be dealt with in our space.

SIR ROBERT PEEL.

The Prime Ministers of Queen Victoria. Edited by Stuart Reid. Sir Robert Peel. By Justin McCarthy, M.P. London: Sampson Low & Co.

Twelve English Statesmen. Edited by John Morley, M.P. Sir Robert Peel. By J. R. Thursfield. London: Macmillan & Co.

Mr. McCarthy has written a bright and sympathetic sketch of Sir Robert Peel. But those who desire to gain real insight into the character of the distinguished statesman, and to acquire full and accurate knowledge of the political movements in which he took part, must turn to Mr. Thursfield's admirable work. Mr. McCarthy has written a sketch; Mr. Thursfield has given us a study. The one has looked up his subject; the other has thought it out. Those who read Mr. McCarthy will be pleased with the smooth narrative of a practised writer. Those who read Mr. Thursfield will be instructed and impressed by the researches and reflections of a careful political student, and the master of a scholarly, if not a brilliant style. Mr. Thursfield's "Peel" must, indeed, rank among the best political biographies of the day.

Sir Robert Peel's name is associated chiefly with two great measures—Catholic Emancipation and the Repeal of the Corn Laws. By his conduct in dealing with those measures he must upon the whole be judged. As a Tory Minister, he passed two Liberal measures—believing in the necessity of the one and in the justice of the other. Mr. McCarthy and Mr. Thursfield think that on both occasions he acted like an honourable and patriotic Minister. Every impartial authority must be of the same opinion. The part played by Peel in the struggle for Emancipation was not altogether a part of which his admirers can feel proud; but to have resisted the Catholic claims after the Clare election, and after unmistakable signs of disaffection had shown themselves among the troops, would have been to add criminality to folly. Peel saved himself and his country from this disgrace. The argument that he ought to have resigned, and allowed someone else to bring in the measure, is not worthy of notice.

Peel and Wellington only could have steered the Catholic Relief Bill through Parliament and got over the "scruples" of the King. Peel, in fact, showed moral courage in taking up the Catholic question in 1829. Had he consulted his own ease, he would have retired from the Ministry. But he responded to the call of duty, and stood to his guns.

The melancholy thing is that he did not act from a sense of justice in dealing with the Catholic claims. He did not stop to ask himself, "Is it right to keep Catholics out of Parliament?" He only asked, "Is it safe to let them in?" Up to 1829, he thought it would be unsafe to yield. In 1829, he thought it would be unsafe to resist. He said in the House of Commons, on May 9th, 1828—a few weeks before the Clare election: "I am persuaded that the removal of the Roman Catholic disabilities would be attended by a danger to the Protestant religion, against which it would be impossible to find any security equal to our present Protestant constitution." Even after the election he did not immediately realise that the game of resistance to the Catholic claims was up. With a fatuity which seems incredible, he wrote to Anglesey a week after the election, suggesting, not the best means for carrying Emancipation, but the best means for keeping O'Connell out of Parliament. Having said that O'Connell's refusal to take the oaths would not disqualify him from again presenting himself to the electors of Clare, nor invalidate a second return by the sheriff, he adds: "The effectual remedy against such a return would be to pass a law enabling the same oaths that are to be taken at the table of the House to be tendered to a candidate previously to the election, and thus to disqualify the man who cannot be a member of Parliament from being a candidate. There is nothing unreasonable in this." Mr. McCarthy, however, is right in saying that "Peel allowed himself through all this crisis to be

educated by the teaching of facts." The process of education was sure, but very slow. Mr. McCarthy justly animadverts upon the conduct of the Ministry in disfranchising the forty-shilling freeholders—the men who won the Clare election—and in refusing to make the emancipation retrospective, thus disabling O'Connell from taking his seat for Clare.

Mr. McCarthy says that Peel "dealt fairly, and even generously, with the second Melbourne Administration." This statement can only be accepted with reservation. Peel carried the Emancipation Act in 1829. Between 1835 and 1841 Melbourne, helped by the incomparable Drummond, did his best to make the Act a reality. Peel did his best to make it a dead letter. This fact has never been duly emphasised. Peel has never received the censure he deserves for his wrong-doing during the second Melbourne Administration. The policy of the Catholic Relief Act was to establish religious equality in Ireland. Melbourne sought to carry out that policy. Peel thwarted him at every turn. The admission of the Catholics to the Municipal Corporations (in fact as well as by law) was a necessary corollary to the admission of Catholics to Parliament. Melbourne tried to reform the Municipal Corporations on a popular and Catholic basis. Peel strenuously opposed his efforts, and succeeded (with the aid of the House of Lords) in abolishing fifty-eight of these bodies, and securing only a restricted franchise for the remaining ten. Lord Melbourne's Ministry was the first that made a sustained effort to govern Ireland on principles of civil and religious liberty. Peel was the bitter enemy of that Ministry. However, he learned much in the Irish debates of the period; and when he returned to office in 1841 he showed a disposition to deal with Irish questions in a more liberal and enlightened spirit. Mr. McCarthy says that in 1829 Peel changed his policy but not his convictions. In 1841-6 he changed his convictions. By the way, Mr. McCarthy makes no reference to the Repeal movement — rather a serious omission considering that the subject engaged Peel's attention from the beginning to the end of his Administration. But Mr. Thursfield has devoted an admirable chapter to the conflict between "Peel and O'Connell" between 1841-6. Peel deserves credit for his efforts to deal with the Irish Education question by the establishment of the Queen's Colleges, and with the Land question by the appointment of the Devon Commission and by the Land Bill of 1845.

Peel emancipated the Catholics because he thought it was necessary. He repealed the Corn Laws because he thought it was just. It is a pleasure to turn from the part of Peel's "Memoirs" in which he deals with the one question to the part in which he deals with the other; in the first we see the Opportunist Minister seeking the safest course; in the second the benevolent and conscientious statesman striving to persuade his colleagues to act with wisdom and justice. Peel opposed the Catholic claims almost to the end; but he was a Free Trader almost from the beginning. He would have refused Catholic Emancipation in 1829 if he dare; he would probably have repealed the Corn Laws in 1841 if he could.

The Clare election and the events which followed forced him to emancipate the Catholics. But the Irish famine of 1845-6 gave him an opportunity, which he seized with avidity, for carrying out the policy of his heart. "There can be no doubt," said Mr. Cobden, "that Sir Robert Peel is at heart as good a Free Trader as I am. He has told us so in the House of Commons again and again; nor do I doubt that Sir Robert Peel has, in his inmost heart, the desire to be the man who shall carry out the principles of Free Trade in this country."

Sir Robert Peel was not a great man, but he was a great Minister. He did not see far, but he saw clearly. He inspired no great movement; he was the author of no stirring policy. But once persuaded of the necessity or justice of a measure, he took it up with resolution and carried it through with courage. While to O'Connell belongs the nobler part in the struggle for Emancipation, and while to Cobden and Bright must be given the chief credit for the repeal of the Corn Laws, yet the Minister who steered both measures safely through Parliament, overcoming the opposition of powerful factions, and winning the support of unwilling colleagues, deserves also a place in the memory and in the heart of the nation.

"MR. GOSCHEN'S FINANCE."

MR. GOSCHEN'S FINANCE. By Sir Thomas Farrer, Bart. London: Liberal Publication Department, Parliament Street. 1891.

THE Liberal Publication Department have been very well advised in republishing Sir T. Farrer's articles on "Mr. Goschen's Finance." The little volume has a two-fold value. It will be useful to those who desire to study Mr. Goschen's doings—his good deeds and his bad—in Imperial and in Local finance. But, beyond this, Sir T. Farrer's book forms a lucid exposition of the whole question of Local finance, a subject that includes financial problems as complicated as, and hardly second in importance to, any which can be found in Imperial finance. The latter is no doubt more interesting and more exciting than the former. It is bound up with our national history, it has made and marred political reputations, it has floated or wrecked more than one Government. Wars leave on it scars which long years of peace never wholly obliterate.

On the other hand, local finance seems to the ordinary mind to be concerned chiefly with questions of roads and sewers, of paupers and lunatics; to be administered, or maladministered, by vestries and boards of guardians, or other obscure bodies; to involve the levy of an unpopular rate which the ratepayer considers far too high, and levied on an assessment which he thinks preposterously exaggerated.

But of late local government has been partially reformed and placed on a higher level, and questions of local finance are beginning to excite greater and more intelligent interest. And certainly they are well worthy of most careful consideration. The Imperial revenue from taxation now amounts to £73,000,000 a year; the local revenue to £46,000,000. It has taken thirty years to reduce the National Debt by a hundred millions sterling, and but twenty to add a hundred millions to our local indebtedness.

These figures alone make the importance of the subject evident, and we know of no publication, with the exception, perhaps, of Mr. Goschen's own volume of 1872, that exhibits anything like the same grasp of the subject of local finance, which deals with the question so lucidly, or lays down more clearly the true principles of action.

What are these principles? To use Sir Thomas Farrer's own words:—

> "To give full effect to sound principles, our system of local finance should be one in which Imperial finance is entirely separated from local finance, so that local needs may raise no further claims on the Imperial Exchequer; and in which local taxes are levied by local authorities out of local resources, with a large amount of discretion both as to their amount and their application, so as to throw the burden, the responsibility, and the benefit on the same local shoulders."

And how have these principles governed Mr. Goschen's actions in his dealings with local finance?

> "The effect of the recent changes has been to leave national and local accounts inextricably mingled and confused, with very bad results both to the Imperial Exchequer and to local government. If we examine the different items by which local rates have been supplemented, we shall find that they are all open to one or more of the following objections:—In the first place, the National Exchequer is exposed as much or more than it was before to further claims on the part of local authorities, and, at the same time, future dealings with specific Imperial taxes are embarrassed by giving local authorities a direct interest in them. In the second place, local authorities are made even more dependent on the central Government than they were before. In the third place, the new Imperial doles are not distributed in such a way as to give satisfaction or to meet the real justice of the case."

But Sir T. Farrer is not content with criticism; he is prepared with specific proposals to carry out his principles. He proposes to restore to the

Exchequer the half probate duty handed over in 1888, which is in no sense a local tax. To restore the "earmarked" 3d. on beer and 6d. on spirits, imposed and handed over in 1890—again, in no sense a local tax, and the earmarking of which tends greatly to confuse Imperial and local taxation. The produce of these three taxes amounts to about three millions a year for England and Wales. To fill this void the proposal made is to hand over to the local authority for taxation that which forms the most natural and the least objectionable source of revenue—the real property of the locality. Real property—*i.e.*, houses and land—forms

"A fund which is increased in value by expenditure out of local rates. A fund which, in urban districts, where the burden of rates is most felt, is constantly becoming larger, and, therefore, more able to bear taxation. A fund which does not bear its fair share of Imperial taxation, and which in towns does not (unless in the case where the owner is also ratepayer) bear any direct share of local taxation at all. A property which local authorities are accustomed to assess, and which they are, therefore, competent to tax. A property which it is their interest to tax fully and fairly, but which it is not their interest so to tax as to kill the goose which lays the golden eggs. A fund in taxing which they will not be casting a greedy glance on the public purse of the nation. Finally, it is a kind of property which is already the subject of invidious criticism, and which, if not fairly taxed, will undoubtedly be the object of dangerous attacks."

Hence, the Inhabited house duty and the Succession duty should be handed over in their entirety to the local authority. Further, revenue should be derived from the taxation of "ground values"—or, what is the same thing, a portion of the rate now paid by the occupier should be shifted on to the owner.

The "bitter cry" of the occupier has been loud and persistent of late, and the question of the taxation of ground values has been brought well within the range of practical politics. Almost everyone would, we suppose, assent to the proposition that the burden of rates should be borne by each interest in proportion to the benefit it receives. But, at present, the "occupier" bears the full burden of rates which largely go to benefit the "owner." The difficulty lies, however, not in the principle, but in the application thereof, in distinguishing between the different and intermediate interests, in taxing them proportionately, and in preventing the owner from again throwing back the burden on to the occupier.

At the best, justice can only be done in a rough-and-ready way. The plan proposed by Mr. Fletcher Moulton and others of separately assessing and taxing the value of the land apart from the value of the buildings is ingenious—but it would not work. Mr. Montagu's proposal to charge the interest of the sums devoted to permanent improvement on the occupier, and the repayment of the capital on the freehold reversionist, is also ingenious, but also, we fear, unworkable.

Probably the most feasible plan is to fall back on the principle of Mr. Goschen's scheme of 1871—since further elaborated by Lord Hobhouse, and practically endorsed by Sir T. Farrer—namely, to allow the occupier to deduct a certain and fixed proportion of the rate from his rent. Half the rate was suggested in 1871 as a fair proportion. Further, each intermediate "owner" should pay such portion of the half-rate collected from the occupier in proportion to the amount of annual benefit accruing to him from the property assessed, the deduction being carried out on the method at present in force in regard to the income and property tax.

So far as regards the annual value. The capital value can be directly taxed by an increase in the succession duty, and such an increase would assuredly follow if this tax were, as it should be, handed over to the local authority. As an Imperial tax, no Chancellor of the Exchequer, however willing, seems to be strong enough substantially to increase the succession duty. As a local tax, the pressure brought to bear to lighten the rates at the expense of a death duty on realty, would be sufficient to overcome the opposition of the "landed interest."

In his future editions Sir T. Farrer will have to add some criticisms on the fifth Budget of Mr. Goschen. By the time these lines are in print, the public will know whether the Budget, by its thoroughness, its manliness, or its simplicity, will have in any degree atoned for the grievous errors of its predecessors—Budgets which, to use Mr. Goschen's own words on another occasion, were "shabby, flabby, and inadequate."

DR. VERRALL'S EURIPIDES.

THE "ION" OF EURIPIDES, WITH A TRANSLATION INTO ENGLISH VERSE, AND AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES. By A. W. Verrall, Litt.D., of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law, Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge. University Press. 1890.

DR. VERRALL is nothing if not original; but he is much besides. He is learned, reckless, witty, refreshing, and gifted with a power of swallowing camels which has quite destroyed his digestion for gnats. In looking back over the last three or four rakish cruisers that he has launched upon the peaceful waters of classical antiquity, we get a pretty safe general conclusion—that none of them could even by flattery be called watertight, but that all of them have done distinct service, and have helped to open the eyes of future shipbuilders. As a general rule, originality in classical scholarship is rather a tame affair: there are certain broad highways on which the original scholar is accustomed to travel. The simplest form of all is to emend the text you are editing. If you can, discover a new MS.: failing that, prove that a very late and corrupt MS., hitherto despised, is the one untainted source of MS. tradition, and proceed to make emendations accordingly. Or, easier still, maintain that the book you are editing is not written by the author whose name it bears: write boldly on your title-page "The Annals of Poggio Bracciolini, commonly attributed to Tacitus": or, like Valentine Rose, publish with laborious erudition the "Fragments of the *So-called* Aristotle." Better still, discover, like Fick, not only that "Homer" was written by some hundreds of different people of different names, but also that it was originally written in a different language. There is a certain similarity among all these methods; but Dr. Verrall has been original in choosing his style of originality.

He is very conservative in his treatment of the text; he believes that books were mostly written by their alleged authors; he does not even care much about revising dialects or expunging glosses. But, in the manner of Mr. Donelly, he sees secret meanings, and discovers that the plots of ancient tragedies are entirely unlike what anyone had imagined.

His greatest achievement in this line was his book on Horace. Formerly, scholars had innocently believed that the four books of Horace's Odes formed a collection of light and unconnected poems, playful, amorous, and philosophical. Dr. Verrall altered all that. The fourth book he treated separately; but the first three books, he declared, contained a series of deeply tragic scenes, held together by a close dramatic and historical unity, so as to leave half-hidden, half-revealed, a terrible conspiracy against the life of the Emperor and the sovereignty of Rome. What had formerly been light and aimless words became lurid hints of crime; what had formerly been the names of imaginary lovers and mistresses became the ciphers under which real conspirators and their guilty paramours lay concealed. In fact, Dr. Verrall contrived, without altering a word of the received text, to turn the whole Horace tradition upside down, and leave more of a chaos than even Bentley with all his emendations.

In his *Medea* Dr. Verrall whitewashed Jason and started a new Theory of Dochmiacs: but that amounted to little in comparison. In the *Seven against Thebes* he showed that the city attacked in Æschylus's play was not Thebes, and that the champions who attacked it were not Seven. He also turned his mind seriously to the pleasant task of making Greek puns. We knew beforehand that Æschylus, like Shakespeare, had occasionally

made a pathetic use of plays upon words: but Dr. Verrall made him a sort of tragic Joe Miller. Every tenth line had a play on words; every significant phrase had two meanings and sometimes three. More confusing still, Dr. Verrall discovered that the characters in Æschylus's dramas were in the habit of telling one another falsehoods; and their falsehoods were never explicitly confuted. Only one supposition was needed to make this theory work; the Athenian audience had to be credited with a sharpness of wit and a power of seeing through brick walls, which would make them appreciate any double meaning however abstruse, and detect any false statement on the part of a character in the dramas, however ingeniously invented and corroborated.

It is this view of the capacities of the Athenian audience that forms the basis of Dr. Verrall's treatment of the *Agamemnon* and the *Ion*. The former is still fresh in every scholar's memory. The plot is absolutely different from what scholars for the last five hundred years have believed. Nearly everything that the actors say on the stage is untrue, and the audience by its natural wit has to discover it to be untrue. It is this that makes the play so strangely entertaining—this series of plausible and undetected falsehoods which no one believes, but no one thinks it worth while to disprove or contradict. One other assumption has to be made as well. About half the play takes place in dumb-show; more than half the important characters never speak, and have not even got their names down among the *dramatis personæ!*

The *Ion* is treated in the same spirit. The ostensible plot of the play is this. Creusa, a princess of Athens, has been ravished by Apollo, and has exposed her child in the cave where the god met her. Apollo has rescued the boy and had him reared at Delphi, under the name of Ion, as an attendant in the Temple. Many years after, Creusa marries Xuthus. The pair have no children, and seek help from the oracle at Delphi. Then Apollo bids them in mysterious language receive the boy Ion as their son. After this, suspicions arise. Creusa suspects Xuthus of unfaithfulness, and imagines that Ion is the fruit of his perfidy. Under a terrible burden of suspicion and grief, she revolts against the god who has betrayed her of old and the husband who, she believes, is false to her now. She tries to poison Ion; is detected; pursued by Ion and an angry crowd, and at last rescued by the intervention of the Pythia and the goddess Athena, who tell the whole truth of Ion's birth. Certain tokens which Creusa exposed with her child are produced and recognised. Mother and son forgive one another, and Apollo is, in a limited sense, justified by the event.

Such is the ostensible plot; but Dr. Verrall thinks that his intelligent audience saw far through it and beyond it. They must have known that gods do not betray maidens: that the real seducer of Creusa was an ordinary villain and not a god, and that her unhappy offspring no doubt died when it was exposed. They disliked Delphi for political reasons, and they had a profound mistrust for priestcraft generally. They saw, therefore, that the Pythia's story about Ion's birth was only a daring invention; the apparent recognition of the tokens only a flimsy bit of guess-work; the whole conduct of the priests at Delphi only a piece of cunning and unscrupulous sacerdotalism, dictated by the necessity of preventing the crime of Creusa and her consequent punishment—evils which were caused in the first case by the falsehoods of the priests themselves. But, if Ion was not the son of Apollo, nor of Creusa, who was he? Probably, thinks the cynical doctor, the illegitimate son of the Pythian prophetess herself! He does not wish to condemn her harshly. Perhaps she was not really Ion's mother; perhaps Euripides did not mean that she was. However, circumstantial evidence is pretty strong against her; and in any case the existence of Ion in the Temple is not more creditable to the community than the appearance of a foundling baby in a nunnery generally has been.

This view is developed in an imaginary epilogue to the play, conducted by the priests at Delphi and certain Athenian envoys. The Epilogue is thoroughly well done, striking, and suggestive. It cannot by any possibility be true; but it cannot fail to add to the reader's knowledge and appreciation of the play, as well as give him an hour's delightful pastime. He will then turn back with a sigh to the title-page and reflect upon those significant letters—"Of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law." Happy is the criminal who gets that barrister-at-law for his defence.

The *Ion* is a hasty piece of work, occasioned by the representation of the play at Cambridge. In thoroughness and detail it stands on a lower level than the *Medea* or the *Agamemnon*, though in originality of treatment it is very like them. The translation is spirited and very rapid in movement; it is not the work of a real poet, but it certainly is the work of a lively, vigorous, and dramatic mind. The linguistic notes are brief and not of special value to an advanced student.

STORIES.

1. Coo-ee: Tales of Australian Life by Australian Ladies. Edited by Mrs. Patchett Martin. London and Sydney: Griffith, Farran, Okeden & Welsh.
2. An American Girl in London. By Sara Jeannette Duncan. London: Chatto & Windus. 1891.
3. The Seal of Fate. By Lady Pollock and Walter Herries Pollock. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1891.

"To our kind friends and readers I would therefore only say—'Coo-ee! Take up the cry and pass it on—Coo-ee!—and again—Coo-ee!'" These are the concluding words of the preface to a collection of Australian stories by Australian ladies. To this little outburst of Antipodal enthusiasm no critic can refuse to respond; before he proceeds to a merely judicial consideration of this work, the least he can do is, hopefully and trustfully, without asking the why or wherefore, to remark "Coo-ee!—and again—Coo-ee!" When he has got that over, he may proceed to ask what these stories are whose echoes, their editor hopes, "may linger pleasantly around the Bush station and by the English fireside." To begin, they, like the family of which Wordsworth wrote, are seven; and this is perhaps the most charitable thing that can be said of them; it also has the advantage of being absolutely true. There are humorous incidents in one of these stories; we find that one character misplaces an "h," and such is the culture of the other characters that they laugh consumedly at him, but have the delicacy to pretend that they are laughing because a child has dropped a plate; another character loses his clothes while bathing, and we know this is a humorous incident, because it is set forth as such in the Greek Prose book which was familiar to us in the days of our boyhood. But we should be wrong if, on this evidence, we said in our haste that Australian ladies had no originality. The very next story proves the contrary by its bold, almost foolhardy, use of that striking word "banana-fed." It refers to the "soft, banana-fed voice" of a girl whose name was Nancy. Is this hypallage? Or is it only a misfortune? We cannot say; we feel inclined to cast criticism aside and resort to a soft, banana-fed cry of "Coo-ee!—and again—Coo-ee!" We have not the space to notice all seven of these stories. The best, perhaps, in spite of its banalities, is "Mrs. Drummond of Quondong"—it shows evidence in places of some artistic feeling. Mrs. Campbell Praed has written a horrible story of "The Bunyip," which is a kind of Australian snark, apparently; it is one of those horrible stories which contain less horror than the author intends and less story than a reader expects. On the whole, there is little to praise in this collection. Its fun is rather dull; its tragedy is melodramatic; and though some of the stories are distinctly clever, others are not. Upon the whole, the book is a trifle disappointing. It may possibly "linger pleasantly around the Bush station"; but we do not think it will be popular

"by the English fireside," however interesting it may be as a specimen of the literature of the newest world.

It is not very often that a reviewer comes across so bright and charming a book as "An American Girl in London." Miss Mamie Wick, its heroine, was to have come to England with her parents. They, however, were prevented from coming with her, so she went alone, intending to seek the protection of her father's aunt, Mrs. Portheris, who lived in London, and of whom the Wick family knew very little—

"In fact, we had not had a letter from her since several years ago, when she wrote a long one to Poppa—something about some depressed California mining stock, I believe, which she thought Poppa, as her nephew and an American, ought to take off her hands before it fell any lower."

"Poppa" obliged her:

"After that she sent us every year a Christmas card, with an angel or a bunch of forget-me-nots on it, inscribed, 'To my nephew and niece, Joshua Peter and Mary Wick, and all their dear ones.'"

However, Mrs. Portheris behaved very badly to the American on her arrival, and Miss Wick found a more satisfactory friend in Lady Torquilin, whose acquaintance she made on the passage. Miss Wick did not understand the mystical necessity for chaperonage, nor the correct relations of the sexes as they are understood in England. But she did her best to conform to English ways. There were one or two points on which she held out; she would say "rubbers" instead of "goloshes." She thought "goloshes" sounded profane. She liked England very much, partly on account of its stability.

"At home I am afraid we fluctuate considerably, especially in connection with cyclones and railway interests—we are here to-day, and there is no telling where we shall be to-morrow; so the abiding kind of city gives us a comfortable feeling of confidence."

She had that sense of confidence when she was riding on the top of the Hammersmith 'bus. She felt that she "was riding an Institution." There is one little scene, when Lady Torquilin and Miss Wick had got into a cab, which is worth quoting. It was a fast horse:—

"I was acutely miserable, he went so fast; but Lady Torquilin liked it. 'He's perfectly fresh, poor darling!' she said. 'It breaks my heart to drive behind a wretched worn-out creature, with its head down.' I said, Yes, I thought he was very fresh indeed, and asked Lady Torquilin if she noticed how he waggled his head. 'Dear beastie!' she replied, 'he's got a sore mouth. Suppose your mouth were perfectly raw, and you had a bit in it, and a man tugging at the reins——' But I couldn't stand it any longer; I put my parasol up through the door in the top. 'Make him stop waggling!' I called to the driver. 'It's only a little 'abit of his, miss!' and then, as the horse dropped his pace, he whipped him. Instantly Lady Torquilin's parasol admonished him. 'If you flog your horse,' she said emphatically, 'I get out.'"

Miss Wick observed well, at Ascot, at Oxford in the race-week, at her presentation—everywhere. And she records her observations with delightful humour, good temper, and perfect fairness. The characters are described with truth and clearness. It is a brilliant book and deserves to be read widely.

In "The Seal of Fate" two men quarrel; they are not fairly matched with either sword or pistol, and they therefore agree to throw the dice—the loser to destroy himself at the end of a month. The conditions of the duel are carried out. The dearest friend of the dead man at once starts to find out who is, practically, the murderer, and succeeds; but the murderer is—well, it will easily be imagined that he must be somebody who will illustrate by his identity the irony of destiny. It is not for nothing that authors call a book "The Seal of Fate." The idea of the story is better than its development. Some of the important characters are too vague and shadowy; we should be more interested in them if they were more real. The book has its strong and dramatic scenes, but the potentialities of the plot are by no means exhausted. The style errs on the right side, but it certainly errs; constant restraint seems at times to have quite broken its spirit. It is founded on a previous work, "A Cast of the Dice," by the same authors, from which it has been largely altered, except in scheme. It is curious to find in a book which is evidently written with such care, two or three absolutely careless mistakes. For instance, on page 121, "Madame Baumbach" is written where "Madame Bremen" is intended.

RIENZI.

EPISTOLARIO DI COLA DI RIENZO, a cura di Annibale Gabrielli. Roma: 1890.

FEW men in the whole course of the Middle Ages have established their place in history with such a strange and almost mysterious career as Rienzi. A contemporary life of him, on the authenticity of which some doubts were unsuccessfully advanced, has been hitherto the principal guide to the story of his adventures, though a source of even greater importance existed in the collection of Rienzi's letters. These letters, of course, had in great part been perused by Rienzi's modern biographers, but not all of them had been published up to the present, and the published ones were only to be found scattered through several books, many of which were scarce and difficult to procure. Very opportunely the "Istituto Storico Italiano" has undertaken to publish all these letters in one of the first volumes of a series of Italian Chronicles and Memorials. The letters, which have been edited with the greatest care by Signor Annibale Gabrielli, besides their historical importance in relation to the political events of which they treat, have a great interest, inasmuch as they help us to enter into many sides of Rienzi's strange character. The collection may be considered as divided into two groups, reflecting two distinct periods of Rienzi's life. The chief actor of the events of the year 1347 appears, in his earlier letters, quite a different man from the ascetic prisoner of Charles IV. and Clement VII. It seems as if the two years spent by him in the lofty solitudes of Mount Maiella had in some way accentuated some native tendencies of Rienzi's soul, and that the mystic element, always strong in him, had grown beyond proportion in his intercourse with the Franciscan disciples of Joaquim of Fiore, so that also to the study of Joaquimite ideas these letters bear a contribution not unworthy of attention. Taken as a whole, this book is of a most interesting character, and claims the attention both of students of history and of psychology.

HEADLAM'S MELEAGER.

FIFTY POEMS OF MELEAGER, WITH A TRANSLATION BY WALTER HEADLAM. London: Macmillan & Co.

THIS is a book of the dilettante order: beautiful paper, immense margins, and from two to ten lines of text prettily printed in the middle of the page. There is an introduction, with almost no information in it; and, as a preparation for the main part of the book, where Mr. Headlam translates Meleager's poems from Greek into English, there are two pages where he translates his own poems from English into Greek. The translations in both cases show some skill, but not a perfect knowledge of Greek. In poem XVIII., for instance, ἀποπτῆναι δ' οὐδ' ὅσον ἰσχύετε, means, of course, "you have no whit of strength for flying away." Mr. Headlam gives:—

"O winged Loves, can ye fly hither there,
Without even strength to fly away again?"

He also misunderstands the word φίλτρα in the same poem. This is a bad mistake. More serious, however, is the following: Love is speaking: "Who has hung about my temple walls these weapons, παναισχίστην τέρψιν Ἐνυαλίου, *i.e.*, the ugly things in which the war god delights?" The poem goes on to say that such blood-stained trophies suit the temple of Ares, but are abhorrent to Love. Mr. Headlam makes nonsense by writing:—

"Who was it hung gay spoils to use
about my temple thus?
A gift of high indignity
to Enyalius."

Is it possible that he thought Ἐνυάλιος a name of Aphrodite? There are other inaccuracies of this kind which seriously detract from the skill, and, we may add, the good poetical taste, that is shown in the translation. Only one poem strikes us as very good, so good, that we cannot help quoting it:—

"A gift most piteous in thy mantle's fold
unto the grave
Thee, O Charixenus, eighteen years old,
thy mother gave.
Even a stone had wept upon the day
when from thy door
Forth with lament the burden of thy clay
thy fellows bore,
And loud thy parents wailed for misery
not marriage blest.
Alas, the disappointed charity
of mother's breast!
Alas, the empty travail!—ah, too stern
virgin above,
Unto the winds, thou barren Fate, to spurn
a parent's love!"

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

"The Watering-places of the Vosges" are not half as well known in this country as they deserve to be, though in places like Plombières and Contrexéville, the baths—we are assured in these pages—are simply perfection. The Vosges district is remarkably rich in mineral springs; indeed, there are no less than seventy-six which possess recognised curative properties, without counting a score of others of doubtful reputation. Visitors from all parts of the Continent are begining to flock to the spas of France, and Carlsbad, Homburg, and Baden-Baden, will need to look to their laurels. As yet, however, comparatively few English people—in spite of the recommendations of specialists like Dr. Macpherson and Dr. Burney Yeo—have found their way, even to the "Queen of the Vosges," as the latter has not inaptly styled Plombières. It is difficult to account, except on the ground of the caprice of fashion, for such neglect. The Vosges watering-places are all quite accessible to travellers, any one of them can be reached in a railway journey from Paris of from seven to ten hours' duration. As a rule, the scenery is fine, and in some parts really beautiful. Our countrymen, declares Mr. Wolff, do not yet know the Vosges, and yet there is no more picturesque mountain-chain in Europe. There is another advantage which ought not to be overlooked—the French doctors, with few exceptions, are less exacting in regard to time than their German brethren; three weeks is the rule, and the régime is much less severe. Plombières has greatly altered for the better since Voltaire described it to the Comtesse d'Argental as "un vilain trou, le séjour est abominable.". Plombières and Contrexéville have English-speaking doctors, waiters, and the like, and at the latter spa an English church has recently been erected. At places, however, like Vittel, Martigny, Luxeuil, Bussang, to say nothing of the small spas of Alsace, the English visitor must rely almost exclusively upon his own knowledge of French. An analysis of the mineral properties of the different springs is given, and Mr. Wolff is at his best in describing the social life of the more quaint and less known of these health resorts.

We have seldom come across better change for half-a-guinea than the new edition of Mrs. Oliphant's "Royal Edinburgh." The book was published some twelve months ago at double that sum, and it now appears—with the illustrations which lent so great a charm to the work—in a more handy form, and at a price which places it within the reach of everybody. "Royal Edinburgh" is based on wide reading rather than on independent research, but it is nevertheless a book which portrays with dramatic skill the lights and shadows of Scottish life and character. Mrs. Oliphant contrives to blend realism and romance in these effective and artistic pictures of stirring incidents in the political, military, ecclesiastical, and literary history of the "grey metropolis of the North." The best passages in the volume are those which describe Edinburgh from the accession of James I. to the tragic death of James V., whilst the least satisfactory chapter oddly enough is that which seeks to recall the social and literary aspects of the city ninety or a hundred years ago. Nothing could well be better than Mr. George Reid's dreamy, imaginative, and clever illustrations; they are in complete accord with the style of the text and the nature of the subject.

The new edition of that remarkable compilation, "The Best Books: A Reader's Guide," contains twice as many titles as the previous one, which appeared in 1887; and Mr. Sonnenschein has not only added a number of fresh bibliographical and other notes, but has also to some extent remodelled the classification. The arrangement of the work deserves unqualified praise, for it is both admirable and ingenious. The scope of the book is far too wide to render any particular section of it altogether satisfactory to specialists; but it is only fair to remember that Mr. Sonnenschein's avowed aim is to meet the requirements of general readers in every department of science, art, and literature. Accuracy, in the strict usage of the term, is next to impossible in a work of such magnitude, but we make haste to add that the errors which we have so far detected are for the most part of a trivial kind. At the same time we are bound to say that a good many books of no permanent value have found their way into the present enlarged edition. An index cannot be too prolix, and that which Mr. Sonnenschein has now provided is a marvel of industry and care.

Nothing, Douglas Jerrold used to declare, is so beneficial to a young author as the advice of a man whose judgment stands constitutionally at the freezing-point. Mr. Jacobi is—as everybody is aware who has anything to do with "The Making and Issuing of Books"—an expert, and in the course of his experience as manager of the Chiswick Press he states, with artless if somewhat amusing candour, that he has "frequently observed a lack of that knowledge which is so essential" to all who are bent on authorship. Like a sensible man, Mr. Jacobi in this dainty volume avoids technicalities as far as possible, and explains, with great clearness and commendable brevity, a variety of practical details relating to the printing and publishing of books. The preparation of manuscript for the press and the correction of proof-sheets are first explained; then the character, sizes, and names of different sorts of type and paper are indicated. The methods of illustrating and binding books are next described, and then the mysteries of subscription, copyright, and registration are revealed. A short glossary of bibliographical and typographical terms now in vogue still further heightens the value of the volume as a practical manual. There are some capital hints on corrections for the press, and now that the voice of the amateur author is loud in the land, the sensible advice which Mr. Jacobi has to give ought not to pass unheeded. Authors' corrections have been called the bugbear of the publisher and the bread-and-jam of the printer. They are apt, however, to punish, like too generous potations, the man who indulges freely in them. Only an "author" with more money than wit is likely to do so when he understands the cost of superfluous corrections, and that is a subject which Mr. Jacobi, in spite of the bread-and-jam of the trade, endeavours to make them understand.

The nimble sixpence will now purchase either Kingsley's "Two Years Ago" or Kingston's "Three Commanders." Both novels are deservedly popular, and the first is already almost a classic. There can be little doubt that each will secure many new readers in the present cheap and convenient form.

We are glad to find that a fifth edition has been called for of Mr. Ashton's "Continental Handbook." The object of this useful little manual is to enable a stranger, who is so minded, to find his way at once in France, Holland, Germany, Spain, Italy, and other parts of Europe to the rallying-points of Protestant faith and activity. Information is given, in a clear and concise form, about religious work and worship in the cities and towns of the Continent, and several tours are sketched out for the guidance of travellers who are wishful to visit scenes rendered memorable by great movements or events in Church history. The handbook is published, we understand, at the instance of the Evangelical Continental Society, an organisation which on purely undenominational lines seeks to promote Protestantism in most of the great cities and towns of Europe. Mr. Ashton, with the help of many correspondents at home and abroad, has done his work well, and this volume of scarcely more than a hundred pages is filled with facts and statistics of an interesting and cheering kind.

Sir William Roberts has issued a volume on "Digestion and Diet," which consists for the most part of lectures delivered before the College of Physicians in 1880, and a course of five addresses on "Dietetics and Dyspepsia" given in 1885 at the Owens College, Manchester. Some earlier and later contributions on these or kindred subjects have also been added, but though Sir William has given a certain degree of order and coherence to the essays in their present form, he is careful to state that he has made no attempt to write a systematic treatise. The book, to a large extent, is caviare to the general, but everybody can at least appreciate what so eminent an authority has to say on the preparation of food for invalids and various other practical points in dietetics.

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* The Watering Places of the Vosges. By Henry W. Wolff. Map. London and New York: Longmans, Green & Co. Crown 8vo. (4s. 6d.)

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